

The **A** **AMERICAN** **L** **LEGION** *Monthly*



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HERE'S THE 1931 CATALOG!

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777 North Meridian Street
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Gentlemen: Please rush my copy of the 1931 American Legion Emblem Catalog which is beautifully illustrated in colors. It is to be understood that this does not obligate in the least either me or my Past.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

POST.....DEPT.....



"Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak"...

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be "scared stiff," trembling with the embarrassment and stage fright which has been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

But When I Started to Speak, Their Jeers Turned to Breathless Interest and Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces than I saw then. Here was I, the notorious "human clam," the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhilaration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. "That was a wonderful speech, Mike!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?"

"Thanks, George," I said. "But it wasn't really anything. Any man who knows how to use his power of speech could have done just as well or better."

"Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you, it was great! But say! What did you mean by 'any man who knows how to use his powers of speech'? It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly."

"That's just where you're wrong, George," I told him. "Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those six short months I trained myself by a wonderfully easy method right at home, to talk as you just heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it. There is no

magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a clear, forceful speaker. It's just the application of simple principles, which a noted speech educator has already put into lesson form for any man to use, regardless of education or previous training."

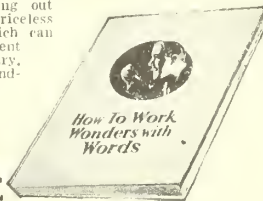
Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking; I'd

certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can."

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you can not fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new, easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "Hidden Knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon NOW.



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Dept. 1523 Chicago, Illinois

North American Institute, Dept. 1523
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in effective Speaking.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

MARCH, 1931



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

VOL. 10, No. 3



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*Narrates Another
Stirring Adventure of
Sergeant Pickering of
the D.C.I.*

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

UTAH: The 45th State, admitted to the Union, Jan. 4, 1896. In 1847, the Mormons under Brigham Young, prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, traveled by wagon train from Missouri and Illinois to settle Utah while it still belonged to Mexico. In 1848 the United States acquired it by the peace treaty that ended the Mexican War, organized it as Utah Territory, Sept. 9, 1850, open to slavery; made polygamy illegal in 1882, and, after rejecting six previous state constitutions, accepted a seventh in 1895 that prohibited polygamy and admitted Utah to the Union in 1896. Population, 1850, 11,380; 1930 (U. S. Census), 507,847. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 38.1; 1910, 46.3; 1920, 48.0. Area, 84,990 sq. miles. Density of population (1930 U. S. Census), 6.2 per sq. mile. Rank among states (1920 U. S. Census), 40th in population, 10th in area, 42d in



density. Capital, Salt Lake City (1930 U. S. Census), 140,267. Three largest cities (1930 U. S. Census): Salt Lake City; Ogden, 40,272; Provo, 14,766. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$1,535,477,000. The principal sources of wealth: value of all crops (1920 Census), \$57,800,000, of which hay and alfalfa netted \$24,583,000; sheep and other livestock (1922), valued at \$53,055,000. Mineral output (1925), \$100,275,442; (copper, ore and smelted, \$33,581,080; silver, \$14,651,032; gold, \$3,704,100), coal, uranium, vanadium, marble and onyx; manufactured products, beet sugar, \$16,087,377. Utah had 21,275 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, Industry. Origin of name: Derived from the Indian tribe that the Spaniards spelled Yuta and early Americans wrote Ute, Youta, Eutaw, Utaw and then Utah. Nicknames: Mormon, "The State of Deseret."

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Accountancy Home-Study

made interesting and practical thru problem method

YOU know as well as we do that Accountancy fits many men for positions that pay three and five and ten thousand dollars a year—gives many other men unusual opportunity to start a profitable growing business of their own.

The only question is—just how practical is it for *you* to train yourself adequately in Accountancy through home study?

And the answer lies in the LaSalle Problem Method.

For this modern plan of training not only makes Accountancy study at home thoroughly practical but makes it interesting as well.

And here's how:

You Learn by Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the auditor of your company or the head of a successful accounting firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to work those problems out—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster by far than that of the man who is compelled to pick up his knowledge by study of theory alone.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by solving problems.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—one accountant—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able accounting specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful accountants.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering—you are coached in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher accounting positions or in an accounting practice of your own. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—

until, at the end of your training, you have the kind of ability and experience for which business is willing and glad to pay real money—just as it was glad to pay these men.*

Five Men Who Tested and Proved It for You

For instance, there was the plumber who started Accountancy training with us in 1916. After a short period of study, he took a position as bookkeeper for a year, and then became accountant for a leading automobile manufacturer—with two bookkeepers under him. Today he is auditor of one of the foremost banks in his state and his salary is 325 percent larger than when he started training.

He writes, "My training is the best investment I've ever made, showing a cash value running into five figures."

And the young clerk, earning \$75 a month eleven years ago and now getting many times that as general auditor for an outstanding, nation-wide organization. Within six months after he began our training, he was earning \$125 a month and within four years, he was earning \$250.

Do you wonder that he writes, "While LaSalle ads once seemed like fairy tales to me, now I know from personal experience that they are true"?



*Names and addresses given on request.

Or let us tell you about two men—one a stenographer and the other a retail clerk—neither of whom knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping. One is now the comptroller and the other the assistant comptroller of a large company.

"LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," write both, "was the important factor in our rapid climb."

And if you are thinking about the C. P. A. degree and a public accounting business of your own, read about the pharmacist who was earning \$30 a week eleven years ago when a LaSalle registrar secured his enrollment for Accountancy training. Eight months later he left the drug store to take a bookkeeping job at \$20 a week—less money but larger opportunity. Three years later he passed the C. P. A. examination and a year later yet he was earning \$5,000 a year. Now he has his own highly successful public accounting firm for which he says, "My LaSalle training has been largely responsible."

One-Tenth of All C. P. A.'s Are LaSalle Trained

If you want still more proof, remember that 1,000 C. P. A.'s—approximately one-tenth of all those in the United States who have ever passed the difficult examination for this coveted degree—are LaSalle trained.

Or remember that in our files—accessible on request—are thousands of letters from our Accountancy graduates reporting material increases—double, triple, quadruple—and even more—over their original earnings.

And knowing these facts, ask yourself if there can be any further question about the practicability of this training for you—ask rather if the real question is not about the size of your own ambition and the quality of your determination.

For Accountancy is no magic wand for the lazy or the fearful or the quitter—it offers success only to the alert adult who has the courage to face the facts and the will to carry on till the job is done.

If you are that individual, the coupon below, filled out and mailed, will bring you free the information that can open up to you the future of which you have dreamed—ability and income and success.

Is it not worth getting that information?

LaSalle Extension University

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 3361-H, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your 64-page, illustrated book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," telling about the profession of accountancy and your training for success in that field.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

Position..... Age.....



LAW IS ORDER

By Henry Upson Sims

President, American Bar Association

FORWARD-looking lawyers throughout America are realizing now the necessity to organize the legal profession more fully in order to enable it to fulfill as a class of society its proper functions. The immediate function of the legal profession is of course to conduct the administration of justice. But its proper functions are much more extended than that. They include the supervision, development, and reform, where reform is needed, of the administration of justice locally and nationally.

Ever since the establishment of stabilized government in America—from one and a half to three centuries ago, according to locality—the members of society who were more or less learned in the law have directed the administration of justice. But they have directed it as individuals only, whether as judges, administrators of government, or members of legislatures. The profession as an organization has had little or nothing to do with it. In fact until quite recently, even for the history of American civilization, there has been no organization of the legal profession whatever. Organization was initiated in some of the Eastern and Southern States, students tell us, about a century ago; but under the influence of ideas springing from the iconoclasm of the French Revolution, those early bar associations disintegrated after brief existences. Only the New York County Lawyers' Association seems to have survived. All the present bar associations were born under the impulse which gave birth to the American Bar Association in 1878.

Until very recently, however, all the bar associations, city, state, and national, have been merely voluntary organizations, of which but a portion of the bar were members, whereas the prototypes in England and France have always been authoritative institutions, recognized legally or by binding social custom, so that no lawyer can practise the profession outside of them. And this is as it should be everywhere, just as no one can practise the profession of arms outside of the Army or the National Guard. Unless the personnel is strictly selected and the activities of the bar are carefully supervised, the irregularities, not to say the criminalities of which some of them have been accused and too often found guilty, will multiply in the complex society in which we live in America today. In England and in the countries of Western Europe such a condition of the legal

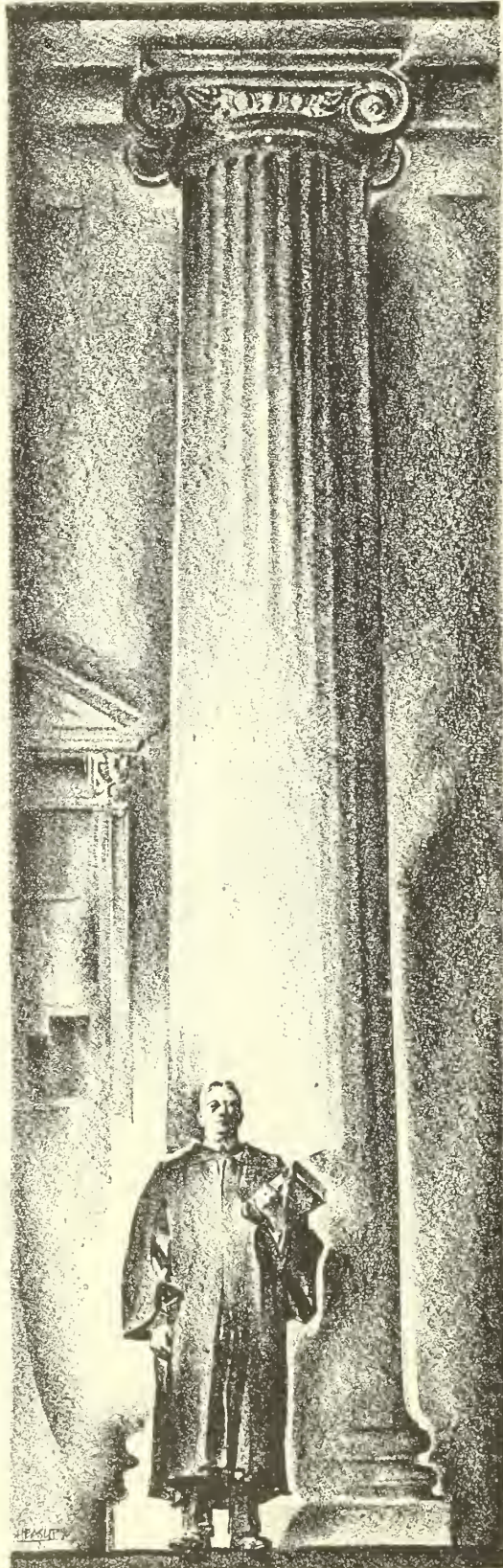
profession would not be tolerated; and it would not be tolerated here but for a survival today of

that popular conception that the individual has a social right to make a living as he pleases, which undoubtedly had its origin in the social theories of the French Revolution, and which were current throughout America at the time our united republic was organized.

Every effort of the lawyers in America to assume control of themselves and to organize to make the profession all inclusive and subject to discipline as a profession has been discouraged or fought by the public in general, due to ignorance on the part of the public that such organization is necessary for the public protection. The practice of law involves too much power, too much opportunity for dishonesty and the taking advantage of the ignorant, to allow unworthiness or guilt in a lawyer to be determined by juries of the general citizenry under the legal limitations guarding the conviction of ordinary crimes.

Today the lawyers of six of the American States have succeeded in getting through their legislatures organized bar laws—Alabama, California, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico and Oklahoma—which means that all the lawyers in those States are made members of the associations of the bar, and determine through their own committees who shall be admitted to the profession and who have committed acts which require that they be put out. And the bars of many of the other States are working to accomplish the same end as rapidly as the profession and the public can be educated to the necessity.

This is the first step to reorganizing the lawyers for social service. The rest will follow in due course. When the profession shall have become responsible to itself and to society for its actions in the actual practice of the law, it is foreseen that the profession will develop that sense of responsibility for the entire administration of justice which must lead to the improvement of that administration all along the line, until the law itself, its development and improvement will be recognized both by the bar and the public as their peculiar provinces. Even the enforcement of the law, which is now at so low an ebb all over the country, will be much more rapidly advanced by the higher ideals engendered in a socially responsible profession throughout the land. When the bar in all the States shall (Continued on page 36)



Decoration by William Heaslip

Hey! Buddie!

Join me

working for Uncle Sam!

I Make \$2700 a Year as Railway Postal Clerk

"\$2759.00 to be exact. That's \$53 a week. And listen! Here's what makes it so good—I make it every week! The year round! Before I landed this government position I thought I was a lucky boy if I wasn't out of a job at least 6 or 8 weeks a year. Never could keep any savings in the bank. Now I can positively count, in advance, on getting every dollar of my year's pay. And I'm just as sure of my regular raise every year too. No 'pull' or 'boot-licking' needed to get it either!"

The Government Never Lays Me Off!

"I figure that I'm all through looking for a job. I'm sitting pretty. Nobody can fire me or lay me off—no matter how bad they say business is. I sure can plan my future, because my income from Uncle Sam is definite and off right and left!"

I Get Vacations and Sick Leave With Pay

"15 days' vacation a year, and 10 days' sick leave. And besides, my boy, I'm on my run only six days, and then I'm off, and can go fishing the next six. My pay goes right on. That's a plan that sure makes a hit with us Railway Mail Service boys."

Patterson's Help Made It a Cinch

"I mean Arthur R. Patterson, of Rochester. He helped me get this berth. He used to be one of Uncle Sam's Civil Service Secretary-Examiners (for eight years)—so he knows all the ropes—just the kind of questions you get asked in the exams. He's helped thousands into fine Government positions. He helped me to get a high rating—so I could get appointed in just a short while."

He'll Help You Too

"Listen to me! I don't know you personally—but if you are a U. S. CITIZEN (anywhere between 18 to 50 years old) and want a sure, safe job—with good and regular pay—for LIFE—then I say, 'Write for Arthur R. Patterson's FREE BOOK!' In it he tells just how you can qualify for the very government job you want—Railway Postal Clerk (like me), Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier, Postmaster, Customs Service, or any other branch you fancy. Write Arthur R. Patterson, 'Civil Service Expert.' I'll say he is—and his advice won't cost you but two cents. Just mail him the coupon."

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Civil Service Expert,
633 Wisner Bldg.,
Rochester,
N. Y.



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Patterson Helps You Get It
... or You Don't Pay a Cent!

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Patterson prepared us to win!
Now you get his FREE BOOK!



SPEEDY APPOINTMENT AS POSTAL MAIL CLERK

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Wm. R. O'Kelly,
Fleischmanns, N. Y.



TELL OTHERS ABOUT MY HELP

"Just a line to let you know that I was appointed a Railway Postal Clerk. Am assigned to the Chief Clerk at Peoria, Ill. I like the work fine. Also, am sending a few names of persons who might take up a course."

Michael Reiss,
Ramsey, Ill.



ANOTHER QUICK APPOINTMENT

"Received my rating from the Railway Mail Clerk exam. I passed and received my blank oath from Peoria to report for work. I could not have done so well without your training."

James M. Wright,
Chatsworth, Ill.

Arthur R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert,
PATTERSON SCHOOL,
633 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Patterson:

Send me your 32 page FREE BOOK telling how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying from \$1900 to \$3300 a year to start. This request doesn't obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City.....State.....



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Correct English and Fluent Speech

New method gives mastery of every phase of written and spoken English in only 15 minutes of leisure time daily. Ends embarrassing, costly mistakes. Five volume CLUB SET makes a five-step short-cut to your greatest business and social advancement. NOT a "correspondence course"—CLUB SET is complete in itself—sent FREE for five days' trial of plan.

HERE is your opportunity to acquire the poise and the self-confident bearing that are yours when you KNOW you are using correct English. A new nation-wide Club is being formed and you are invited to be one of the first 1,000 Charter Members. The new 15-Minutes-of-English Club shows you how to overcome every weakness in your spoken and written English—quick-

ly, easily—in only 15 minutes a day of your leisure time.

Here is the true secret of getting ahead! Every successful man or woman has used this great aid to business and social advancement. More than anything else, your language reveals your true culture and refinement. As the photographic scene at the right shows, even what you may now consider "little" mistakes may be causing others to form a poor opinion of you—may be holding you back from your greatest advancement.

THE 15-Minutes-of-English Club offers you this mastery of correct English and fluent speech through the remarkable five volume CLUB SET. Read in the panel at lower left how this Club Set covers all your needs. Whether your "weakness" is in English, in Pronunciation, in Vocabulary, in the ability to write the many forms of Social Letters, or to influence others through effective Speech-Making—the 15-Minute Club plan is ready to help YOU.

The five-volume Club Set allows you to concentrate upon your special weaknesses and to correct quickly all your errors. This is not a long-drawn-out "correspondence course," with "home work" and "examina-



An important social function that could mean so much to their advancement—but their very first words showed glaring errors in English. All who heard them couldn't help feeling that they were not accustomed to associating with people of culture and refinement.

tion papers." You receive the five volumes all at one time. You use them first to check and correct your present mistakes and then for handy reference—showing you always, to meet all situations, the correct thing to say and how to say it!

You have always wanted the certainty that you were speaking correctly, the freedom from embarrassment caused by mistakes in English, the ability to express yourself clearly and most effectively. Find out how the 15-Minutes-of-English Club plan can help you—accept free trial membership. Take advantage of the liberal offer below—get the five-volume Club Set free for five days' examination. Then see how quickly and easily you can master this way every phase of written and spoken English.

What costly, embarrassing mistakes do YOU now make?

IF you are not absolutely sure of your English, test yourself with the five volumes of the 15-Minutes-of-English Club through the five-days' free examination privilege. The first volume, MINUTE-A-DAY-ENGLISH, detects and corrects your mistakes in English and then acts as "guide book" to the other volumes. If your weakness is pronunciation, the famous 18,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED removes this obstacle in the path of your advancement. THE WORD BOOK contains over 100,000 words to build up your vocabulary and help you express your ideas. THE PHRASE BOOK gives you over 6,000 expressions and phrases for use in conversation, social letter writing, and public speaking. One whole section is devoted to Social Letter Writing, telling you how to prepare and answer social letters of all types . . . Includes over 100 model letters. The fifth volume, READY SPEECH-MAKER, prepares you to grasp your opportunity when you are asked to get up and "say a few words" at a business conference, at a banquet, club or lodge meeting, etc. Gives you two complete home training methods—a complete course in public speaking, giving you all that might cost \$25 or \$50 in "correspondence course" form.

Singly, these five volumes have already helped over 200,000 others. Club Set totals 2,468 pages. Each volume 6 3/8 in. high, 4 1/4 in. wide; bound in red leatherette; round corners, colored page edges, titles stamped in gold. Book-box covered in "Lizard-Craft," included free to Charter Members.



His "few words" at a Company banquet were worth \$10,000 a year to him!

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CHARTER MEMBERSHIP in the 15-Minutes-of-English Club gives the privilege of five days' free examination of the Club Set. Just mail the coupon and the complete five volumes in the specially designed book-box will be shipped to you, all charges paid. Then during the five days go through each volume, test yourself, correct errors you may now unconscious-

ly make, and "sample" all of the many amazing features.

After thorough examination and actual use of the Club Set, if you are not entirely satisfied that this new plan can help you to your greatest business and social advancement, return the five volumes at our expense! No risk—you need send no money now. If after five days' actual test you decide to become a Charter Member, keep the five volumes and the free book-box and make the five easy, monthly payments as stated in the coupon. Otherwise return the books at our expense and pay nothing! Don't "put off"—mail the coupon NOW—before it is too late. Send to:

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(Dept. 173)
2 West 45th Street,
New York,
N. Y.

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PUTNAM'S SONS
(Dept. 173)
2 W. 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen: I accept free trial membership in your new 15-Minutes-of-English Club. Send the 5-Vol. CLUB SET at once, all charges paid, for five days' free examination. If I wish to keep the books and the free book-box, at the end of five days I will send \$2.00 and then \$2.00 each month until \$9.85 has been paid, or I will send \$9.00 at once in full payment. Otherwise I will return the books at your expense and owe nothing. There are no dues nor other payments except for the Club Set. Ship to

My Name _____

Street & No. _____

City & State _____



The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

WIGWAG

By
William A.
Erskine

Illustration
by
L.R. Gustavson

BILL MACCARTHY, lineman for the Tate Coal & Coke Company, finished tying a power line into one of the big motors in the new by-product building, glared at his greasy hands, and threw down his pliers in disgust.

"Ain't it a life?" he growled. "Punch a clock in the morning. Punch a clock at night. Work all day inside a barbed-wire fence like a lot of slaves. No chance for romance. The army was better than this."

Steve Kokus, his helper, who had been gazing out of the window during this monologue, now spoke up.

"It'd be a cinch to get over the fence here," he said. "And we could go over to Woptown and get us a hot dog."

Bill joined him at the window to look over the situation. A light pole on the outside of the fence was anchored by a guy wire fastened to the steel work of the building. By getting out on the fire escape one could grasp this wire and swing over to the pole. With climbers on, the rest would be easy.

"It could be done," admitted Bill, "but it probably wouldn't be worth the trouble. I wonder who the dame is shaking the rug out that window?"

"Old man Defiore's daughter," advised Steve, who lived in Woptown. "She's a peachy looker."

"In that case," said Bill, "we'd better send her a little message. Give me your handkerchief and I'll show you the old army game."

Confident that the girl would not understand, he took a handkerchief in each hand and wigwagged:

"Hello, sweetie."

"She thinks you're crazy," laughed Steve as the girl quickly disappeared from the window. But in a moment she was back with a white dust cloth in each hand.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Bill as her message came—so fast that he had to do his best to read it.

"Be your age, grandpa," it read.

"Grandpa your eye," he flashed back. "I'm coming over."

"Come on," was the answer. "Our dog is hungry for fresh meat."

Before Bill could think of a snappy reply Steve's sibilant whisper warned him of the boss's approach. "Later," he flashed, and rushed back to his motor.

Almost daily thereafter Bill would exchange messages with the girl. At first it was simply because the stunt broke the monotony, but gradually it became something more than that and he felt lost if by any chance he missed her for a day. In vain he pleaded for

an opportunity to see her. Her father, it seemed, was very stern, and she was not allowed to have boy friends. Steve corroborated this statement. He even offered the further information that, according to Sicilian custom, her father was arranging a match for her with Tony DeParto. This last information completely ruined Bill's day. He knew Tony DeParto, by sight, as a fat overdressed party whom prohibition had lifted from a fruit cart to a

couple of limousines.

That night Bill risked everything and called at the Defiore home. Dolores herself answered the door.

"Hello," said Bill. "Here I am."

"Oh, hello!" gasped Dolores, who had not recognized him at first. "It's you."

"In person," answered Bill. "I've come to take you for a ride. See that thing parked at your door? Not much for looks but with you in it, no one will notice the car."

"I can't," blushed Dolores. "Papa would be furious."

"Is he here now?"

"Not now, but—"

"No buts about it," replied Bill, pushing his way into the living room. "Let's sit down and talk this thing over."

Dolores sat down, but kept nervously eyeing the door, obviously fearing for Bill.

"Dolores Defiore," said Bill, striving (Continued on page 52)

Entered, at this point, Mr. Defiore

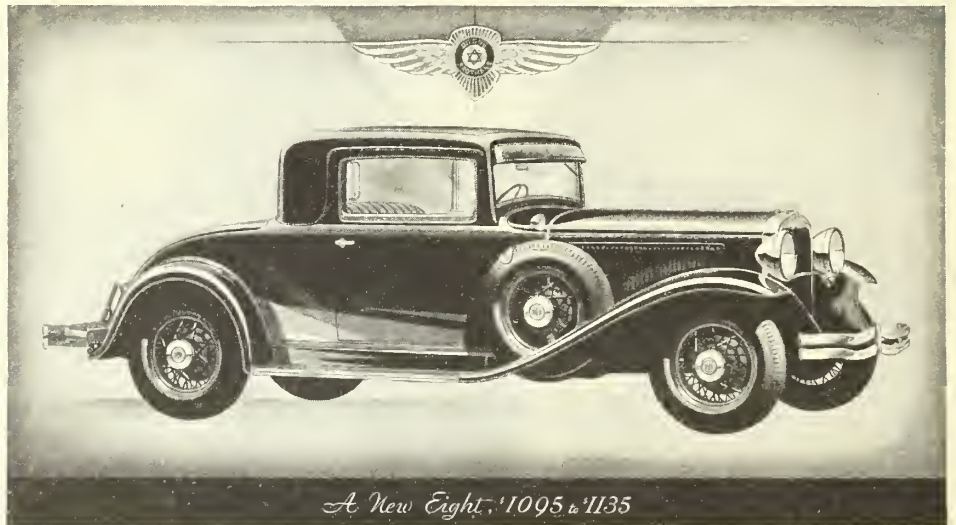


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A New Eight, '1095 to '1135

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HAVE YOU LEARNED HOW *to* WALK



A Traffic Cop Sizes Up Pedestrians

*By
P.J. Jordan
of the
Metropolitan Police
Department, Washington*

THERE are two kinds of pedestrians that make a traffic policeman's day seem longer than the clock says, and they are the people who are either too careful or not careful enough when they cross a street. One is about as much trouble to the cop as the other and my advice to both, since I have been asked to give it, is that they pick busy corners to cross at whenever they can. A person runs less risk of getting hurt or scaring himself or somebody else out of a year's growth crossing a street congested by traffic than a street where traffic is lighter and where you might think that by the law of averages a fellow has less chance of getting hit.

I always say that if I ever collide with an automobile it will be in some little town or on some county highway where there is next to nothing on the road. I never expect to get hit on my post where, during the daylight hours, a street car passes every sixty seconds, an automobile every three seconds and five pedestrians every second. That makes 480 street cars, 9,600 vehicles and 144,000 foot passengers in the course of eight hours up to 4 P.M. These are the figures for the corner of Fourteenth Street and New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., where I do my stuff.

Naturally I don't expect anything to happen to anyone else at that corner. It is my job to see that nothing does, and sometimes I wonder if everyone realizes just what that responsibility means to a policeman. Sometimes I feel that if they could put themselves in my shoes for a moment they would be a little more considerate. But inconsiderate people are the exceptions. I have no kick against the public as a whole and only hope that I suit them as well as they suit me.

Fourteenth Street and New York Avenue is what policemen call a "warm" corner—particularly during the day shift from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon. One week I have the day shift and one week the night shift from four until midnight, changing off with my partner, Patrolman Curtis. On the night shift the traffic isn't heavy after nine o'clock but it moves faster. I have to keep my eye peeled. A person who at the evening rush hour would look out sharp for my signal is apt to start across without looking at anything at all. That means the cop has to make up the difference.

I am not saying that I have the warmest corner in the country or even in Washington, but my post does have its unusual features. It is two blocks from the White House, a block from the Treasury and two blocks from the retail shopping district. Both streets are through thoroughfares. They do not intersect at right angles, a feature about Washington that bothers so many

out-of-town motorists and pedestrians, and I guess Washington has more of both than any other city in the country. Fourteenth Street runs north and south but New York Avenue cuts across on a bias, northeast by southwest. Double track car lines run through on both streets. A third double track line comes from the north on Fourteenth and turns southwest on New York, making four tracks where it parallels the through lines on those streets. This complicates the picture, especially for strangers. The principal interstate bus lines entering Washington also pass this intersection. Traffic is directed by hand as a straight stop and go light would be pretty clumsy at this irregular corner. This puts more work on the policeman, but personally I like to handle traffic without a light better than with one.

The best pedestrians—the ones who get across the street with less risk to themselves, less trouble to others and to the man in charge of traffic—are naturally those most familiar with traffic conditions, such as city people who are daily on the streets in the congested districts. One of the things that visitors to Washington speak of is the large number of young women on the streets. Most of them are employed in the government departments. During the war they came on from everywhere and took jobs that men would ordinarily have handled. They must have made good because a lot of the work that used to be done by men is still done by women and girls. Several thousand of these young women pass my post in the course of the day and if everyone was as smart about traffic as they are there would not be much of a traffic problem. They (Continued on page 36)

HOSTAGES

By
Peter B.
Kyne

DAD TULLY, who owns the 70 ranch, had had a sign painter in town make him a very neat sign—gold letters on a black background—and was nailing it to the gate that led into his ranch from the public highway. I read:

NOTICE

I have a mean airedale terrier which
I feed mostly on men who come to my
ranch uninvited to sell me things I
don't want.

J.E.B. Tully

I looked at the old ranchman inquiringly. "Since the cattle business come back stronger'n ever an' the news leaked out that I've made a little money in outside investments," he explained, "I been plagued no little by high-pressure salesmen wantin' to inflict on me automobiles I can't use, radios so sensitive you can hear the rich guzzlin' their soup at Monte Carlo, bonds that pay seven per cent, tax free, right up until the outfit goes into the hands of a receiver, and bonded warehouse liquor that'll give me a jag like a permanent wave. I'm hoping this sign'll give 'em a pause. If it don't, nature must take her course. I got to have my privacy an' peace o' mind."

We drove back to his comfortable ranch-house and in the cool of his veranda, Zing, his Chinese cook, guide, counselor, philosopher and friend, served us alfalfa cocktails.

"This here money-madness is sure a-peevin' me," Dad complained. "Seems to me all my life some sucker with dreams of millions in sight has been a-pantin' to sell me a lot of his impendin' good luck. Feller up here last week wanted to paint my portrait. Only five thousand dollars. I compromised with him for a hundred to paint my old Tango horse, which I've been forkin' Tango twenty-one years an' can still claim his personal an' undivided attention by placin' my hand back o' the saddle. I 'lowed if he done a good job on Tango I'd talk to him some more about paintin' me. But when he went to work an' painted somethin' that looked like a moose, I run him down the road with my airedale."

"Yes," I admitted, "fools are ever obsessed with the notion that they can recognize their species at sight."

"*Es verdad*. True words, señor. Did I ever tell you about Gus Beamer an' Hetty Amherst an' their patent single-tree? . . . No. Well, you speakin' of fools that-away brought Hetty and Gus to mind, because I reckon them two was the biggest born fools that ever drifted across my ken, as the poet says. If the brains of them two was turned into lead a red ant could drag the lot over Pike's Peak. Hell's fire! You mean to tell me I never told you about Gus Beamer an' Hetty Amherst? Fill your glass an' draw up your chair, son, because I'm most certainly goin' to rectify my forgetfulness."

THE immediate respective an' thoroughly unrespectable paternal ancestors o' Gus an' Hetty were cattlemen down in the Carrizo country some forty year ago. Gus's parent had been stealin' cattle from Hetty's dad so long it become a contagious disease an' Hetty's old man caught it an' commenced stealin' back. The result's a shootin' scrape, with hospital bills for both

factions. Come out of hospital, Gus's father lays in the brush on top of a ridge overlookin' a cañon down which it's customary for Hetty's pa to ride, an' at the appropriate time he cuts loose a fifty caliber slug from a Ballard rifle an' promotes a funeral in the Amherst family. Likewise seven orphans—six boys an' a girl, which last is Hetty.

But Amherst, which he's the oldest boy, risin' twenty-five, don't waste no time speculatin' on who's wafted his parent hence. Bud, he knows! So it ain't long before this Beamer varmint is found in the road, more or less dead and mighty leaky from a double charge o' buckshot.

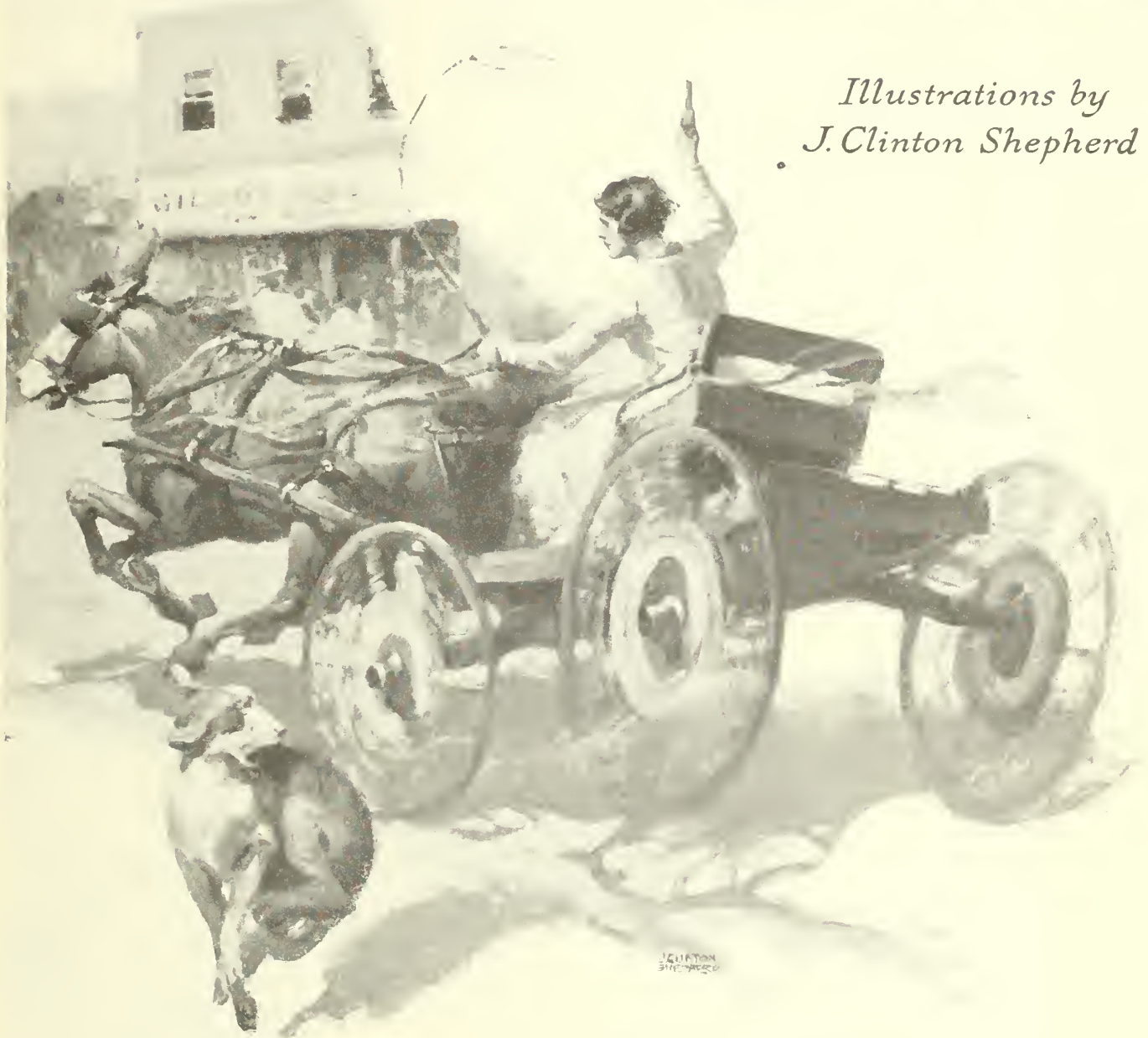
By this time the entire Carrizo country's aware that a first-class feud is on in our midst. The community's more or less scattered and not interested in throwing a necktie party, on account both homicides meet with our hearty approval. We merely set back an' wait for more. We know more's a-comin', because neither the Beamers nor the Amhersts appeal to the civic authorities, much preferring the good old reliable six-volume law to the technicalities of jurisprudence an' corpus delicti.

So we're not surprised when pretty soon the news gets bruited round that Bud Beamer's been killed in the home of his ancestors. Bud's settin' up in the kitchen alongside a kerosene lamp, readin' the *Stockman's Gazette*, when a bullet comes through the window an' lifts him into the bosom of Abraham. Bud's brother, Alec, grabs a rifle an' runnin' outside, empties it at the vague figure of a horseman ridin' rapidly away. Next mornin' he finds a dead horse with the Amherst brand an' pretty soon gossip has it that Tom Amherst, now head of the clan, has sent for the doctor.



to FORTUNE

*Illustrations by
J. Clinton Shepherd*



*All this here horse requires is half an excuse, an'
here's her furnishin' him with six full grown ones
he's never met before*

Well, son, that's the way it went; first a Beamer would down an Amherst an' then an Amherst would down a Beamer, until presently both families was whittled down to Hetty and her maw an' Gus an' his maw an' the feud died for lack o' material. Bimeby the Beamers an' Amhersts sold out their brand to me an' moved away, after cautioning me to look in at the Odd Fellers Cemetery in Carrizo from time to time an' let 'em know if the grass on their loved ones' graves needed cuttin'.

Gus Beamer wanders further west, eventually endin' up in the town o' Gilroy, in the Santa Clara Valley, California. Hetty, she covers a deal o' territory too; upon attainin' woman's estate she becomes proficient dealin' from the left arm in the Harvey eatin' houses along the Santa Fe, eventually windin' up in the dinin' room o' the local hotel in Gilroy, where the first person she's called upon to serve is Gus Beamer.

Now, a heap o' water has run under the bridges since Gus an' Hetty, being too young to make good feudists, not to mention Hetty's handicap o' sex, has pulled out o' the Carrizo country. Never at no time havin' been acquainted, except by hearsay,

their first approach is free from embarrassment. Hetty speaks first.

"Well, ol' timer," she says to Gus, "what'll it be? Oyster soup, potato salad, roast beef, spuds, string beans, cabinet pudding, tea or coffee, pea soup, lettuce salad, roast pork, turnips—"

"Don't distress yourself, ma'am," says Gus gallantly. "I wouldn't think o' puttin' you to the trouble o' telling me what you got. Just bring me whatever you reckon I'd ought to have."

"If they was all like you, brother," says Hetty, "I'd only have to cover half the ground I do, an' maybe I wouldn't get to bed every night with my feet achin' that bad I'd like to cry."

"That gives me an idea, ma'am," says Gus. "Why don't you operate on roller skates? A good smart up-an'-comin' gal like you could cover the ground in a fifth o' the time, serve ten times more people, eliminate the expense of three waitresses an' p'int



the finger of ridicule at corns an' bunions? Why don't you try it?"

Any other woman but Hetty Amherst would have figured Gus was spoofin' her, but Hetty wasn't very bright an' besides, she seen Gus was serious. She liked serious men, too, particularly when their ideas appealed to her.

"Do you think the boss would stand for it, Mister—ah—"

"Beamer, ma'am, Gus Beamer. And you are—?"

"Miss Hetty Amherst."

They looked at each other.

"Carrizo?" says Gus.

"Keno!" says Hetty.

Gus got up an' reached for his hat.

"Sit down," says Hetty. "I won't put no strychnine in your soup."

"Wasn't figurin' on havin' any soup."

"You left the order to me an' I was figurin' on soup for you."

Gus's father lays in the brush on a ridge overlookin' to ride, an' at the appropriate time he cuts loose

Let's act sensible. It's a long way from the Carrizo country an' cows an' in this state you can't dry-gulch an enemy an' get away with it unless you got a pull with the grand jury. Let's bury the hatchet, Mr. Beamer," an' Hetty held out her hand.

Gus took it gratefully.

"You see what I'm doin' for a livin'," Hetty renews the conversation. "How do you start the nimble cart-wheel o' commerce rollin' your way?"

"I work down to the livery stable on the night shift," Gus admits, "although by profession I'm an inventor. However, while waitin' to finance my inventions an' git them on the market, I find I must eat not less than twice a day."

There was no other customer in the dinin' room, so Hetty set



*a cañon down which it's customary for Hetty's father
a slug an' promotes a funeral in the Amherst family*

down an' looked Gus over, her eyes all wide with wonder an' appreciation. "What good thing you got up your sleeve now, Mr. Beamer?" she asks.

"A lot of 'em, Miss Amherst, but the best of the lot—the thing that's goin' to make my everlastin' fortune—is a single-tree. I've just secured my letters patent on it. How about that soup?"

Hetty jumped up an' got his grub an' then set down opposite to him again. "It never seemed to me a single-tree needed any improvin' on," she opines.

"You know what a single-tree is?"

"Of course I do. A single-tree is a hardwood stick, fastened in the middle to the middle o' the crossbar that holds the shafts of a buggy together. It works on a pivot an' the traces are fastened

to each end of it so the horse can draw the buggy."

"You've seen 'em draw many a buggy, I daresay."

Hetty nodded.

"Ever see a horse run away with a buggy—an' somebody in it?"

"Sure."

"What happened to the occupants?"

"Well, once I seen a runaway horse run into a watering trough, smash buggy and trough an' throw the driver an' his girl out, most killin' both."

Gus Beamer threatens Hetty Amherst with his finger. "That's just the p'int, Miss Hetty. Folks gets injured in runaway buggies equipped with the old-fashioned single-tree, whereas my invention, while not preventin' the horse from runnin' away, if he's so minded, absolutely does prevent the buggy from goin' with him, thus savin' the driver from bein' injured. This here single-tree (an' I got it in a double-tree, too, for use behind pole teams) is so contrived that when the horse starts runnin' away an' the driver realizes the critter's beyond control, he just leans down, unbuckles a little strap on the dashboard, releasing the single-tree from the crossbar of the shafts, which permits the horse to run right out of the shafts, leavin' the buggy settin' calmly in the road with the driver a-wonderin' if some of the neighbors' boys ain't likely to catch that danged horse before he gets home."

Hetty catches her breath. "Well, that IS an idea," she admits, for havin' been raised in the Carrizo she's familiar with horses, single-trees an' vehicles of all kinds. "But you got to make further improvements. When about to separate buggy an' horse, how do you slip the breechin' straps?"

"By gosh," says Gus Beamer, "there's a p'int I clean forgot. Yes, sir-ee, I got to invent a patent, quick-slippin' breechin' strap, otherwise the runaway horse only succeeds in gettin' half way out of the shafts."

"Just far enough to mebber run the point of a shaft under his shoulder blade an' kill him," says Hetty. "Tell you what I'll do, Gus. You give me a half interest in your patent single-tree an' I'll give you a half-interest in my patent quick-slippin', never-fail breechin' strap; then we'll form a partnership an' clean up on this thing. I can see it's a proposition that's bound to appeal like a poultice to all men who drive horses an' have had experience in runaways. I got to make some money in a hurry, otherwise my ankles give out."

"What's your idea for the breeching straps? You can trust me, Hetty. I won't try to beat you to the patent office with the idea, even if I am a Beamer."

"Well, Gus, I'll prove the Amhersts never hesitated to trust nobody any time they got half a chance to do so," says Hetty proudly. "Now, the breechin' strap in use at present is a continuation of a broad heavy leather band that passes around the horse's buttocks an' through

a leather loop nailed to each shaft, given two half hitches around the shaft an' buckled back on itself. The breechin' enables the horse to back the buggy up an' hold it in check when goin' down hill, an' the breechin' straps, remember, are buckled to the shafts. Now, my idea is this. Instead of that leather loop on the shafts, just have a steel lug about two inches long; instead of strappin' the breechin' to the shaft, have a steel ring on the end of the strap; as you back the horse into the shafts, each ring slips down its proper shaft until it meets the metal lug, which keeps it from slippin' back any further. Once the horse is hitched to the single-tree the breeching can't slip forward, so you got a proposition that does exactly the same work as before with this exception. When the patent single-tree is released, the breeching rings slide up the shafts as the horse goes forward, slip off the ends and leave the buggy free of the horse."

"That's a jo-darter of an idea," says (Continued on page 46)

IS YOUR BOY GOING to FLY?

*He's not quite nineteen
(he was six when the
Armistice was signed);
he got his flying license
last March; when he took
off for his jaunt to the
Coast he had never been
more than twenty miles
from the Atlantic Ocean*



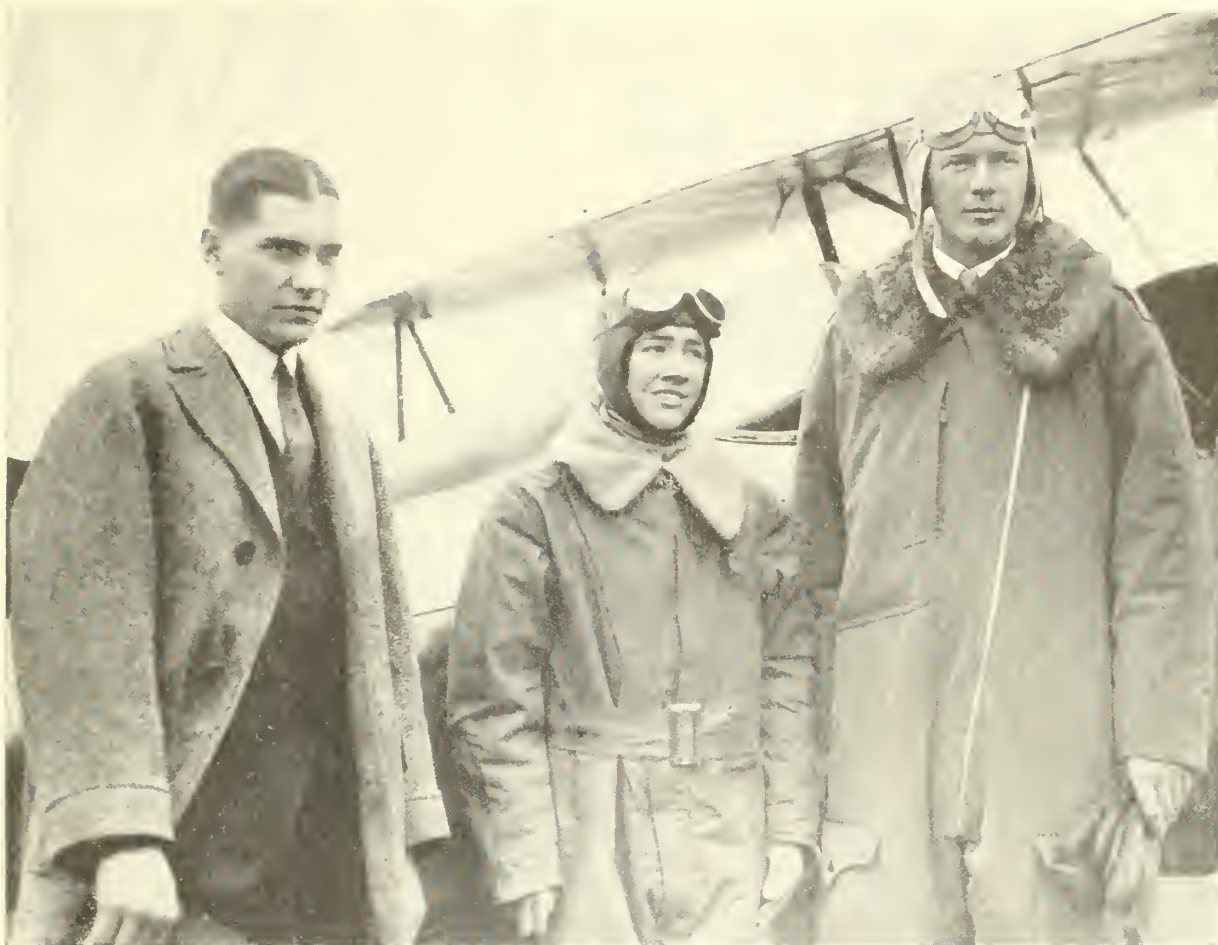
By
Stanley C. Boynton
*Holder United States Junior
Transcontinental
Flying Record*

I WAS almost eighteen when I began taking flying instructions on January 6, 1930. Before that I had made only one short hop in an airplane. Ten months later to the day I had finished a round-trip solo flight literally from the well-known rockbound coast of Maine (Rockland) to the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific at Los Angeles. My total flying time was forty-four hours, twenty-five minutes—eight hours faster than it had ever been made before by a boy under twenty years of age. I had some scares but luck was with me, and I learned more geography about my own country in those forty-four hours in the air than in thirteen years of study in public and private schools. The truth is that until I took off on my attempt to break the record I had never been twenty miles inland from the Atlantic Ocean.

But before I tell you something about the hop itself, it was suggested to me that a great many readers of *The American Legion Monthly* have sons now growing up who soon will be asking dad to help them become aviators, if they aren't asking already. Maybe my own experience, my own thoughts on who should be allowed to fly and who shouldn't, what it may cost in dollars and cents to have a pilot in the family, and my own ideas of what the future holds for those of us who are planning to make flying our life's work, will be of some value in helping you fathers reach a decision.

When the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, I was six years old. I was born in my present home in Lexington, Massachusetts, on February 27, 1912. Shortly after the war, when I was seven or eight, a few discharged war aviators operated from a field in Lexington not far from my home, using machines that I now know were Canucks and Jennies, training types. But those machines were not the first airplanes I had seen. I remember before America's entry in the World War that another aviator had flown from the same field, carrying passengers. It is too long ago and I was too young to remember what I thought of a machine that flew through the air. I imagine I accepted it as an established vehicle like the automobile.

I liked to go down to the field after the war and watch the aviators land and take off—but for that matter so did every other kid in Lexington. I don't recall that I had any burning desire to



Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh gave Boynton a thrill when they congratulated him at the Boston airport on his transcontinental record and lined up with him for a picture

go up, or formed any resolution that I would some day be an aviator, at that time. Certainly I was not hypnotized by the thought of flying. I have never been a great reader for entertainment. I have never read any war books or magazines dealing with aviation. I like technical reading only, although I am by no means a bookworm. When flying operations at Lexington were suspended I don't recall that I gave it more than a passing thought.

I have always taken aviation news calmly and I'm more interested in the technical details of a record-breaking flight than newspaper accounts of receptions and honors to those who made them. As a matter of fact, I guess I am practical-minded. I like to do things with my hands. I'm a much better mechanic or carpenter than I am a scholar, though I attended Lexington high school through my junior year. My father is a green coffee merchant in Boston and I think it was his idea to make a business man of me. Until the summer of 1928 I don't know that I had any particular ambition in life.

We have always spent our summers at Rockland, Maine—that is, mother, dad and myself (I am an only child). When we arrived at our summer place one June I found that an aviator had established a base there—Captain George Snow, now a pilot with Pan-American Airways. His machine was a Waco, one of the lowest priced planes then on the market.

Most of the kids in Rockland spent a good deal of their time at the flying field. We were all anxious to help Captain Snow take care of his plane, but he seemed to know which of us had natural aptitude for mechanics. My pal and myself he picked to do most of the work on the engine. Of course we didn't get paid anything but Captain Snow did offer to take me up on a hop. I wanted to go but my folks have brought me up so that I generally ask permission to do anything out of the ordinary. The answer was no. I think I could have won dad over but my mother was very emphatic. So I didn't get to go. In September I returned to Lexington and entered Brown-Nichols School in Cambridge, a preparatory school for Harvard. I was not a brilliant scholar. As I have said, classical studies did not interest me.

When June rolled around I was anxious to get back to Rockland—but not because of the plane there. Dad had bought a site for

a summer cottage and I was going to build it. I did, too, working from 4:30 a.m. until six at night, and it is a first-class cottage. That was my principal interest that summer, although I did find time to visit the airport. A great change had taken place there. The Curtiss Flying Service had taken over the field of Captain Snow and also had established a ramp for seaplane service. The equipment consisted of two amphibian planes, a Travel-Air and a Fledgling. Captain W. H. Wincapaw was in charge. I liked to watch the planes flying overhead but I had little time to spend at the field or the ramp. In fact, Captain Wincapaw didn't know who I was. But I was thinking more and more about flying myself.

When September of 1928 rolled around I entered Chauncy Hall in Boston, a preparatory school for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. All of the class was interested in aviation. We saw the big tri-motored ships arriving and departing on schedule on the Boston-New York airway and frequently we visited the airport at East Boston where we watched general activities and talked with the head of the flying school there. I wasn't doing so well in school, though in mathematics and scientific subjects I was all right. I decided that what I wanted to do was to fly. So I began talking about it at home. Mother was the hardest to sell. At first she just wouldn't hear of it. But dad reasoned that if I knew what I wanted he would let me have a go at it.

I made my first flight on October 29, 1929. It only lasted about fifteen minutes but the ship was equipped with dual controls and at a good safe altitude the pilot let me take them over. That settled it. I knew I had found my life's vocation. But I still had to do some salesmanship at home. Mother was sure I would kill myself. But at last dad and I won her over.

I made my first flight as a student, my second time up, on January 6, 1930. My instructor said I was ready to solo at the end of four hours of instruction. But because of Department of Commerce regulations I was obliged to take four more hours of dual work. The ground course came easy to me and I soloed on February 12th. On March 15th I received my license as a private pilot, and on May 25th I was promoted to a limited commercial rating after sixty hours of solo flying, part of it at Rockland.

Through the summer I built up a lot (Continued on page 40)

GIVE *a* HAWK

By Alexander

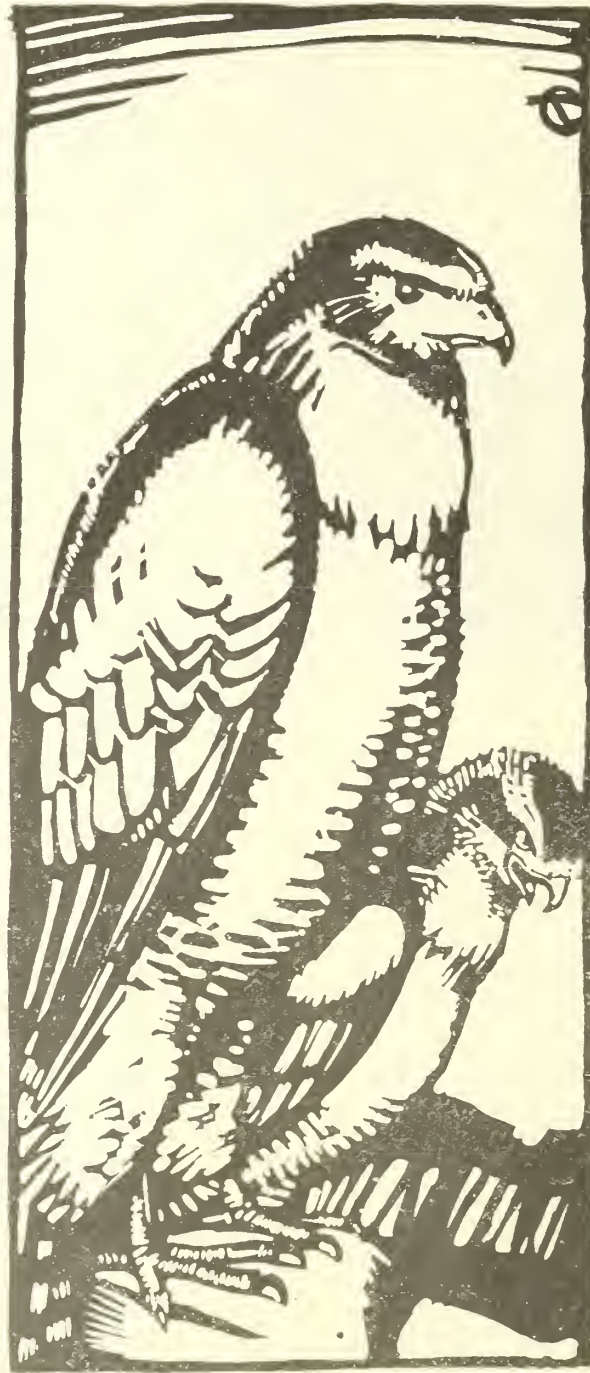


IF ONE were to ask the man on the street or the average "man on the farm" what kinds of hawks frequented his place, the answer would probably be that there were two sorts, the hen-hawk and the chicken-hawk. At the very outset, let us say at once that no such names are recognized by science and that they find no place in ornithological nomenclature. Most people think that any large bird of prey is a hen-hawk and a smaller one a chicken-hawk but such a loose classification is anything but accurate. Everything has a name, even hawks. No one can deny that some hawks are chicken killers—it is for this very reason that the family has been condemned as a whole. The unfairness of it is patent. There are many criminals in this country, far too many, but the whole nation is not considered lawless because of the existence of these criminals. And yet this is the condemnation which has been passed upon the birds of prey.

In a way it is not entirely surprising that it is so, for again the habits of hawks lend themselves to this belief. Roughly speaking, we may divide the birds into two general classes, the "soaring hawks" and the "darters."

The former are almost entirely beneficial while the latter are almost entirely harmful but the conspicuousness of the former and the elusiveness of the latter makes the difference between fact and fancy.

To illustrate: the farmer hears an outcry among his poultry. He rushes out to see a large, slow flying hawk circling above the yard and immediately jumps to the conclusion that it is the culprit, not altogether unnaturally. He gets his gun and shoots the hawk if possible while all unknown to him, the real thief is probably sitting in a thick tree a hundred yards away, devouring the chicken. Just another case of circumstantial evidence; another



innocent suffering for the guilty.

Among the soaring hawks are our best known birds of prey. The red-shouldered, red-tailed and broad-winged hawks are all soarers, they hunt entirely in the open usually above fields and woods, moving on deliberate wings in a very conspicuous manner. Their eyesight is wonderful, any movement of rodent, snake or insect in the grasses below them is noted at once and attack follows. These are the hawks seen by the casual observer on a country ride. Very different are the methods used by the darters. Much smaller than the soarers, lithe and built for speed, these swift killers sneak silently about farm-yards and quail fields; flying low to the ground, dashing in suddenly here and there in an instant, gone the next with chicken, quail or song-bird, snatched so quickly that the movement can hardly be followed. Two of them are common hawks with us all, the Cooper and sharp-shinned species, popularly known as the big and little blue darters. These, together with the more northerly distributed goshawk are the inveterate enemies of farmer and sportsmen for they live upon little else than other birds. It must not be supposed that the soaring hawks never take poultry or game birds, all hawks do so occasionally, but that it is the exception with them and the rule with the darters is the point the writer wishes to convey. Because of the frequency with which the larger hawks are seen, the blame is laid upon them, but the facts are otherwise.

Although it is impossible for mankind to improve upon nature's work, it is not impossible for him to completely upset the balance which is maintained by the many forms of life making up nature's kingdom. The birds of prey are nature's check upon injurious rodents, snakes, frogs and insects. They are eminently fitted for this rôle. Their build, eyesight, beaks and feet are all admirably adapted to a life of killing, their appetites are large and their digestion rapid. They must needs consume large quantities of

food and they prey upon forms of life which multiply so rapidly that, unless held in check in this manner, would surely overrun the earth.

One of the best known hawks in the country, and one particularly abundant on the quail preserves of the South, is the marsh hawk. This bird belongs neither to the soarers nor the darters but its habits incline toward the former. Many hawks are difficult to recognize in the field but this one need never be confused with any other. In any phase of plumage, from the rusty brown of immaturity to the soft gray-blue of adult hawkhood, they may always be known by the conspicuous white patch at the base of

a BAD NAME-

Sprunt, Jr.

the tail, a badge which never fails as a field mark.

The marsh hawk stands at the very top of the list of beneficial hawks. Hunting as it does, by a slow methodical quartering of fields and marshes, it catches more mice, rats, snakes, lizards and frogs than any other. In the days when rice growing was such an industry in South Carolina, it performed great service in stirring up the huge flocks of bobolinks, or rice-birds, which made such enormous inroads on the crop. Simply by flying low over the fields, it kept them constantly confused though it rarely took any of the birds themselves. It does sometimes take birds, but rarely. Somebody once saw a marsh hawk take a partridge, therefore the idea stands today that it is an inveterate quail eater and it is shot everywhere by hunters. An illustration will make clear the correct status of these birds. On a very large quail preserve, a roosting place of these birds was found in a large field. The ground was covered with pellets which had been disgorged. These were collected to the number of about 1200 and sent away for analysis and the result showed remains of over nine hundred cotton-rats and four quail. Cotton-rats are great destroyers of quail eggs and young birds and here was indisputable evidence of nine hundred to four that the hawks were doing the right thing on this preserve. This does not look as if the marsh hawk is an enemy of sportsmen. It will be of interest at this point to note the result of the examination, by the Biological Survey, of 124 stomachs of this species. Of these, forty-one contained poultry, game birds and other birds; seventy-nine contained mice and other mammals; twenty-three contained reptiles, frogs and insects; eight were empty.

The much persecuted red-shouldered hawk has been found by cold figures to be at least sixty-five per cent beneficial, that is, sixty-five per cent of its food consists of injurious rodents. Its depredations on poultry amount to two per cent. It seems that all the comment these figures need is the old-time axiom that "a word to the wise is sufficient." How anyone, in the face of these facts, can continue to kill them is a mystery.



*Decoration by
Harry Townsend*

The larger and more handsome red-tailed hawk is even more valuable. This is the supposed hen-hawk, by the way. The surprising percentage of eighty-five is attained by this bird in good done to agriculture. More poultry is taken by it than by its red-shouldered relative but the combined percentage of poultry and game birds amounts to only ten per cent. The activities of these two hawks are stressed because of the fact that they are among our commonest birds of prey, they have a wide distribution and every farmer and hunter knows them under one name or another. Before leaving them a comparison should be made between their food habits and those of two really harmful hawks whose depredations are laid at the door of the beneficial kind. Of 562 stomachs of the red-tailed hawk examined the contents were: Poultry or game birds, 54; other birds, 51; mice, 278; other mammals, 131; frogs and snakes, 37; insects, 47; crawfish, 8; centipedes, 1; offal, 13. And eighty were empty.

Of 220 stomachs of the red-shouldered hawk examined the contents were: Poultry, 3; other birds, 12; mice, 102; other mammals, 40; frogs and snakes, 59; insects and spiders, 108; crawfish, 7; earthworms, offal and fish, 6. Fourteen were empty.

Surely here is a record which should convince even the most sceptical. Now contrast this list of injurious rodents and other forms of destructive life with the nefarious operations of the blue darters. These hawks, also common everywhere, are the "black sheep" of the family.

Like the weasels of the animal world, they are killers, inveterate killers, and they work swiftly and silently. Their sneaking tactics, wonderful speed and skill at concealment make them difficult to catch.

The Cooper's hawk is the larger of the two and shows up in the following manner.

Of 133 stomachs examined, the contents were found to be: Poultry, game birds and others, 86; mammals, 11; frogs, lizards and insects, 6. Thirty-nine were empty.

Of 150 stomachs of the sharp-shinned hawk examined, 105 contained poultry or other birds, six had (Continued on page 38)

CUBA



Cuba "remembers the Maine" in this beautiful monument at Havana

By Noble Brandon Judah

*Former Ambassador
to Cuba*

FROM the day when the American troops landed at Daiquirí down to the present time, few passages in international history are so praiseworthy as that of the whole relationship between our own country and Cuba. No other large, powerful nation has stood in so consistently altruistic a position toward a smaller land. Of this record every American may well be proud.

To be sure, there have been a good many attacks on our policies for various political reasons both by Cuban and by American office-seekers. But one test, it seems to me, is conclusive.

With the current fashion all for frank biography and history, writers of repute have gone to Cuba in search of the seamy side of the story. The seamier the story, the better it would measure up to the history that is being written today. But these biographers and historians have found astonishingly little that could be written in this vein. They have turned up a number of incidents where the judgment of some American in a position of authority fell short of perfection. But without exception they have returned home—whether to this country or to Europe—to write in praise of the whole relationship of the United States toward Cuba.

Most of us have the impression that the first American troops were landed on the island of Cuba in June of 1898. This is wrong, by 136 years. The first American soldiers to fight the Spaniards on Cuban soil landed in July of 1762. Their brief campaign was quite as successful as that of their descendants was to be just before the turn of the next century.

Early in June of 1762 a British fleet appeared off Havana and landed troops. The city was blockaded and besieged. But the Spanish held the key to the city as long as they could hold Morro Castle. Under Don Luis Velasco they stubbornly defended their fortress. The siege settled down for a long wait.

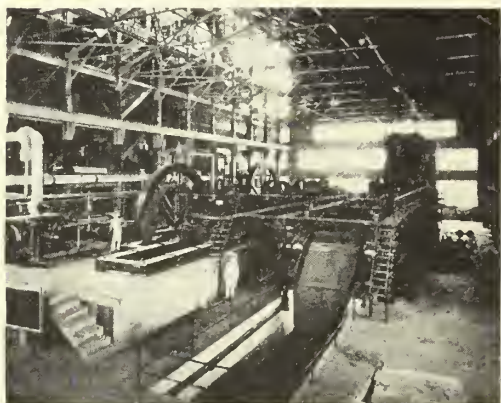
Meanwhile the besiegers had an experience like that of the United States Army in 1898. Tropical climate and tropical disease began to take their toll. The British were so weakened by these misfortunes, so dejected and lowered in morale, that it seemed likely they would have to raise the siege unless reinforcements should arrive.

On July 28 the reinforcements landed. There were about 4,000 men from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, commanded by General Lyman of Connecticut, General Burton, and General Israel Putnam. Burton, Putnam, and many of their men were veterans of the French and Indian wars. A few years later most of them were to give an excellent account of themselves in the American Revolution.

Within two days the British and Americans stormed Morro



*The National Highway, as good a road
as any you'll find in America*



*Cuba means sugar to most of us—the
interior of a modern refinery*



*Obispo Street in Havana, where pedestrians
fare better than vehicles*

B A



Morro Castle bulked rather large in the news away back in '98



Tobacco pickers stripping the plants, which are protected by a cheesecloth ceiling



A plantation house scene that smacks somewhat of other days



The new capitol, whose dome may be seen from any section of the city

Castle. On August 11, the city of Havana surrendered. But the British occupation was brief. Six months later peace was signed between England, France, and Spain. The British moved out, the Americans returned to their homes in the Colonies, and the Spanish resumed their rule.

It was not to be broken off for 135 years. But it was to be interrupted partially at several times during the nineteenth century when Cubans revolted against Spanish misrule. To understand the reasons behind these revolts, it is necessary to know something of the Cuban people.

Unlike all the rest of Latin America, Cuba has no Indians among its population. Cuba never had a native population. The only indications of human life antedating the Spanish occupation are a few relics at seacoast points where Indians from others of the Antilles had been shipwrecked and established tiny settlements which at no time contained more than a handful of people.

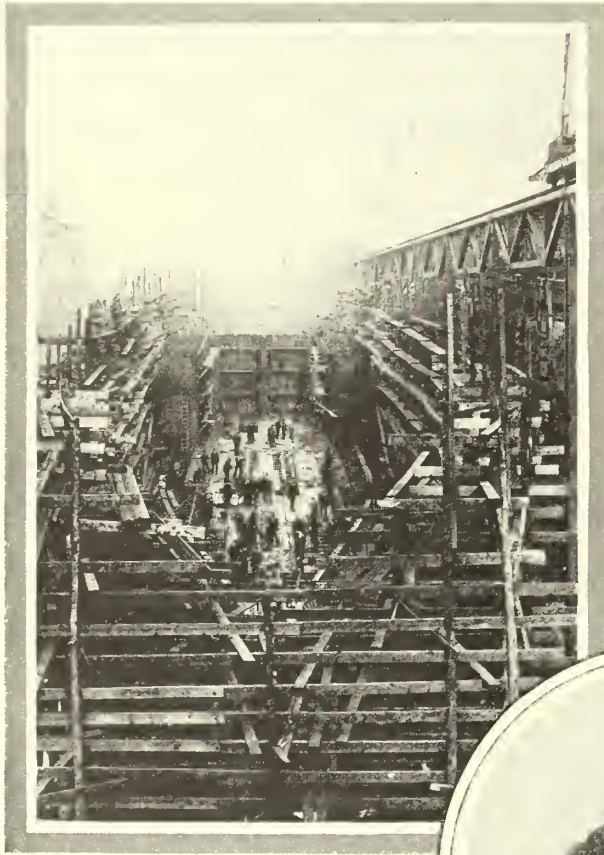
Cuba was therefore populated by Spanish settlers, and by Negroes brought as slaves. Many of the white Cubans were already the wealthy, cultured progenitors of noted Cuban families when the Pilgrims were still landing on Plymouth Rock. The University of Havana was founded in 1721, antedating all but three American universities. Typically, the upper-class Cuban had culture, lineage, wealth, social position which would be recognized in any country of the world. He was—and for that matter still is—as proud as the typical grandee of Spain. He owned large estates, which were worked by employees who stood almost in the relation of vassals to him and his family.

It was distasteful to this Cuban—who was naturally the leader of public sentiment and group action—to be governed without having any say about it, by corrupt officials sent out from Spain as the reward of faithful service to the crown along lines bearing no relation to the competent government of colonies. The governor general and his aides were frankly expected to make a good thing of it, to line their pockets as rapidly as they could—for presently another favorite in need of reward would be sent out to have his turn.

Not only was this régime distasteful but also it was expensive. The cost of all this misrule and corruption came out of the pockets of the Cuban taxpayers. As long as conditions permitted the Cuban to make enough money to pay his taxes and still have something left over for his own purposes—and the astounding fertility of Cuban soil permitted this most of the time—he was inclined to grumble but accept things as they were. But when crop failures or more than ordinarily excessive taxation or other conditions beyond his control made life intolerable for the Cuban, he was likely to revolt against the Spanish rule which was at the bottom of all his troubles.

As we all know, economic reasons are the source of most major political disturbances. And the economic history of Cuba for the past eighty years is the history of sugar. Because Cuba lies so close to our shores, and also because American sugar interests have been investing more and more heavily in Cuba for fifty years, Cuban sugar is for the most part sold to the United States. In 1894 the Wilson tariff placed a heavy duty on sugar imported into the United States, in contrast with the tariff of 1890 under which there had been no duty on raw sugars. For the first time in history, Cuban sugar fell below two cents a pound. The blow was heavy, for the sugar industry had been expanding rapidly. At the same time, a new colonial trade policy inaugurated by—(Continued on page 50)

WHEN MR. MADE



Ships, ships, ships was the cry in 1917, and American yards answered in magnificent fashion the challenge to provide tonnage for the transport of men, food and munitions. Despite all the lumber shown, this is a steel ship, building at Hog Island, Philadelphia

THE maker of the rifle, or the man sinking the foundations of a new munitions factory, was not subject to the same murderously intimate and pressing argument for self-preservation as the soldier who sighted the rifle over a trench parapet or excavated a dug-out under enemy fire. We were as yet far away from the "work or fight" order which provided something like the same discipline in the civil as in the army world. In the Army a strike was mutiny, and union hours did not apply on fatigue or combat duty, and the penalty of falling asleep in an observation post was death. The heads of the industrial committees could not expect military obedience from their associates but must work with them in co-operation. The owners and managers of plants, however well equipped with machinery, were as

helpless to make the wheels of war-industry turn, without a compliant man-power, as officers to advance when troops refused to go over the top.

One hundred thousand men were occupied at one time in building the National Army cantonments. Sections of the army of labor must fell and saw the five million feet of lumber and provide all the other material. Other sections must deliver it in the eighty thousand freight cars required, and other sections must make the twenty-nine regular articles of clothing which the soldiers required upon arriving at the cantonments, as well as their arms. The gun carriage of the 240-millimeter howitzer had six thousand separate parts, exclusive of rivets, which must have a human hand behind their driving as there must be behind every rivet in every ship we built to take the guns and the soldiers to

man them to France.

Where, at the outbreak of the World War, we were facing an era of economic depression, our prosperity had risen to dizzy heights in the thirty-three months that it had been in progress before our entry. We had become a creditor nation as our gold reserve mounted from the tribute paid to us to supply the youth of the Allies who were leaving world markets to their rivals as they were withdrawn from the labors of peace for those of war. In many of our industries profits had doubled, trebled, and quadrupled.

As examples of the rise of prices in commodities which were especially important in war-making, steel had risen from nineteen to forty-four dollars a ton; copper from eleven to forty-four cents a pound, and flax from four hundred to thirteen hundred dollars a ton. Capital was meeting labor's demands out of its largess. The worker's worry was not in getting employment but in space for parking his car on the factory grounds. We were riding high. The war had been good to us.

"From 7:30 in the morning until eleven at night" (I quote from a letter of July 3, 1917, from a Boston lawyer to Baker, complaining that we were not yet in the war in earnest), "it is impossible to cross the street without danger from automobiles driven for pleasure. This is on only one highway in this State."

Who could speak for labor as a whole? No individual or group, except as self-appointed volunteers, for the pick-and-shovel men, farm, clerical, or itinerant labor. Skilled labor had generals of its own choosing. The eight hundred and fifty-four federal unions had over four million members. For the Government to deal directly with them would have brought eight hundred and fifty-four



Sir Henry Thornton, Yankee-born president of the Canadian National Railways, who as England's transport expert in France effectively protested against any lumber being carried from the United States while France's great forests were uncut

BAKER WAR

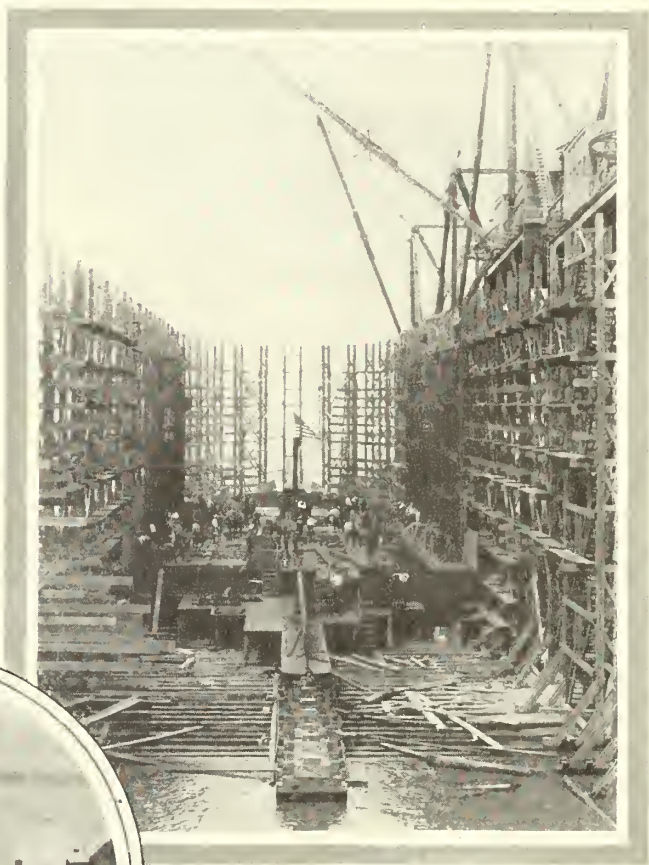
By Frederick
Palmer

leaders into a convention on much the same order as if every railroad president and every maker of tools or clothing were assembled every time a contract was assigned or a policy determined.

However, all the federal unions, with the exception of the four great railroad brotherhoods, were allied in the American Federation of Labor, which had its chief. Perhaps the wisest action of the Council of National Defense of five Cabinet officers, when it appointed an Advisory Commission of industrial experts, was to make Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation, the member to represent labor. He, too, had become a dollar-a-year man in the company of the millionaires and specialists, many of whom he had met before in his battle for shorter hours and higher pay. This little man with his big head, this statesman of labor and warrior for labor, had built up the Federation to its present power, and through all the rivalries of the unions, all the strikes and agitations, victories and defeats, public acclaim and condemnation, hard times and good times, he had kept his leadership, which he was to hold until his death. No man knew labor human nature better, and possibly no man knew employer human nature so well, or better understood the common qualities of all human nature. Capital and labor were more inclined to see each other as natural enemies before than after the war. Labor saw capital as yielding only what labor could force by organization, and capital saw labor as always holding a strike in threat at periods when it had the employer at a disadvantage.

So, inevitably, Gompers looked a little askance at his dollar-a-year comrades, who returned the scrutiny. It was fortunate that they were to have time to come together in their numerous pre-war meetings, before our entry brought the call for more munitions at still higher prices, which would make labor's position even stronger, when such large numbers of workers were entering the Army and ceasing to be producers and becoming exclusively consumers of so many articles in addition to those required in peace. Capital and labor were bound to say to each other, "Now are you going to show that you are patriotic?" There could be but one answer to that query.

One suggestion which I found in the minutes of the Advisory



Initial stages of construction of a steel ship at the Cramp yards in Philadelphia. "Ships will win the war" blazoned forth the posters used in the vicinity of the nation's shipyards



Secretary Baker and Secretary Josephus Daniels of the Navy Department talk things over aboard a captured U-boat

Commission would easily have remedied the shortage in unskilled labor. The Chinese Six Companies offered to supply any number of laborers for an unindentured sojourn in the United States, but all the members of the Commission were agreed on a refusal without waiting on Gompers's protest or consulting opinion on the Pacific coast. Gangs of coolies behind the British front were to reveal the British in a more receptive mood.

Ever on guard to maintain labor's rights, Gompers had most to say of any member at the Advisory Commission's meetings. In a way he was in the most powerful position of all, this spokesman of the skilled, when, for example, ninety-eight per cent of all the labor in making an airplane or its engine was skilled. Baker listened to him most attentively, when the attitude of labor was so vital to the success of the draft and every important war undertaking. After Gompers had had his say, and it was written in the record, he was subject to the appeal of reasonable man to reasonable man in the interests of the whole. Sometimes he yielded.

He had to carry his people with him no less than the head of an industrial committee had to carry all the leaders of that industry



Workmen rushing construction at Camp Mills, Long Island, which became one of the Army's important pre-embarkation centers



Rifle practice was one of the musts of infantry training camps. Here's a group ready to fire, on the range at Camp Gordon, Georgia

with him in his decision, or a congressman his constituents.

In common with other members of the commission he could realize before those he represented did the extreme gravity of the position of the Allies which their censorship concealed from the public. But he could not speak for the four railroad brotherhoods. Three weeks before our entry into the war they called a strike on all the railroads of the land for the eight-hour day, which the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was to make legal for railroad employees in upholding the Adamson Act. He could not speak directly for the insurgent Industrial Workers of the World, but he could as the volunteer voice for all the unrepresented unskilled. As labor's elder statesman he could advise in all emergencies.

Of more concern in this practical business of keeping the army of labor at a high pitch than the meeting of college presidents in Washington to offer their aid, upon our entry into the war, was that of a convention of labor leaders and the heads of welfare societies. The good they saw as coming out of the war was the further advance in the improvement of conditions for labor, especially that of women and children, which had been notable in the recent decade. Were we to make ourselves wage-slaves in the battle to save the world from Prussian military slavery?

Gompers's argument to employers in war or peace was that shorter hours meant greater efficiency. More definitely for him, as definitely as the interest of dollar-a-year men in dividends, all labor progress centered in upholding the rights and powers of the unions, whose increased strength as a result of the war would be the real compensation for war sacrifices. The issue which the Government faced as a war-time employer, direct and indirect, was that of closed against open shop, while the fixing of the wage scale was interwoven with the other problems of arranging fair prices for commodities.



United States Circuit Court Judge Julian W. Mack, whose persuasive logic convinced Alvin C. York (right) that his place was in the Army. The Germans found Sergeant York more than just bothersome. At left, Joseph P. Tumulty, President Wilson's private secretary, whose proposal to revise the draft questionnaire came too late



Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, and President of the American Federation of Labor.

"As basic standards with reference to each cantonment, such commission shall use the union scale of wages, hours and conditions in force on June 1, 1917, in the locality where such cantonment is situated. Consideration shall be given to special circumstances, if any, arising after said date which may require particular advances in wages or changes in other standards. Adjustments of wages, hours or conditions made by such boards are



A typical morning scene in a typical barracks. Of course the mattresses are straw-filled. This picture was taken at Camp Dix, New Jersey



There was plenty of room for basketball and other sports on the main streets of all the cantonments. The scene here is at Camp Meade, Maryland

to be treated as binding by all parties." A momentous agreement!

But a difficulty arose. It was possible to read in the arrangement that the Government was for the closed shop. Louis B. Wehle, legal expert on the subject for the Council of National Defense and the Munitions Board, who had made the draft of the agreement, would have no misinterpretation of its meaning on this one point. The next day, June 20th, he was writing to Frank Morrison, secretary of the Federation of Labor:

"Confirming our talk over the telephone this afternoon, it must be clearly understood, as a basis for any labor adjustment machinery that the Government cannot commit itself in any way to the closed shop, and that the conditions in force on June 1, 1917, which are to serve as a part of the basic standards do not include any provisions which have reference to the employment of non-union labor. In our telephone talk just now, I understand that you accede to this view. The word 'conditions' is of course clearly understood to refer only to the union arrangements in the event of overtime, holiday work and matters of that kind. This was clearly understood between Mr. Gompers and myself this morning when we agreed that it would not be legally possible at this time to insert in an understanding even so much as a provision that preference be given to members of organized labor."

Gompers had gone to New York over night. He was reached by telephone. It came a little hard for him to make this one concession which his people would see as a surrender; but as usual, after registering his objections, he "came through," as he had for the draft which he had so sturdily opposed at first. He signed this statement in New York on June 22nd:

"Your understanding of the memorandum signed by Secretary Baker and me is right. It had reference to union hours and wages. The question of union shop was not included."

So far the understanding applied only to cantonment construction in answer to the direct human appeal of shelter for the recruit soldiers. What of other War Department construction, of aviation camps, and munition and nitrate plants? On July 27th there was another agreement which carried the diminutive signature of Baker and the huge signature of Gompers:

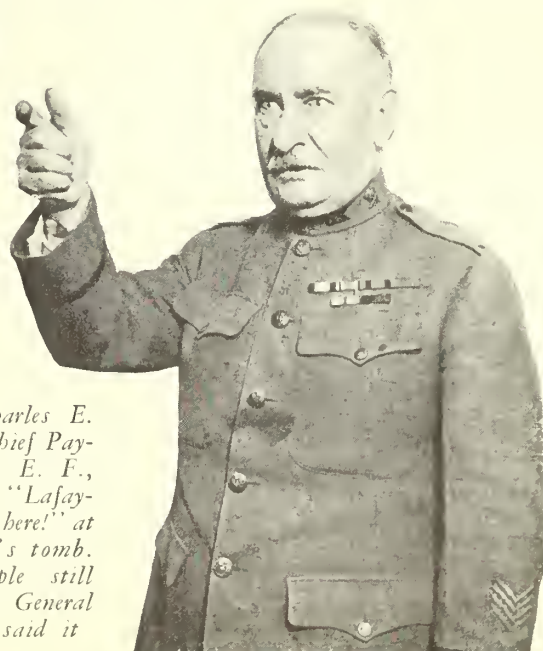
"The arrangement for the adjustment of wages, hours and conditions of labor, entered into between the signers of this memorandum on June 19, 1917, with reference to cantonment construction, may, on order of the Secretary of War, be extended to embrace any other construction work which is now being, or may from time to time during the war be carried on by the War Department."



America's sea power smashing the kaiser's submarine campaign. From a cartoon by Cassel in the New York Evening World

General Garlington for the War Department, Walter Lippmann for the public, and John Alpine for labor, served on the board. Although Lippmann was an editor and writer he demonstrated that he was a very practical man. The President's mediation board and the future Labor Board, with former President William H. Taft at its head, had the Baker-Gompers agreement as the foundation of all dealings with labor.

Baker was bound always to have the labor situation in his mind. There was always one final appeal to both capital and labor: it was that of duty to the United States and its soldiers. To reinforce it was the call upon public opinion to turn its wrath upon the hesitant. When the International Nickel Company had refused to take back the leaders who had precipitated a strike, and the men who had abandoned their claims proposed to return to work if their leaders were included, Baker sent a telegram to the president



Colonel Charles E. Stanton, Chief Paymaster, A. E. F., who said "Lafayette, we are here!" at Lafayette's tomb. Most people still think that General Pershing said it

of the company telling him that it was his duty to his country to compose the difference and go on with production. Within an hour after the receipt of the telegram the company's gates were open and all who had worked were told to enter.

One day one of the two big leaders of the building trades, a giant who was used to giving and taking hard knocks, wrote a letter to Wehle saying that the building trades would withdraw from the cantonment agreement which was only fattening the contractors. Wehle allowed him a little time to cool off and then



Straw hats, boxes, and suitcases in which to send home the clothes they were wearing—uniforms and squads right were only a few hours away for these draftees reaching camp. And France possibly six months later

asked him to come for a conference. "Did you get a letter from me?" he asked Wehle after a silence. "No." "That's funny." Then Wehle made the appeal, the same appeal that so often won with labor and capital. The delay in building the cantonments might mean the loss of lives or of a battle. Did any man want such a letter held up against him in the future? Really, the letter had not been received officially. It was then and there returned to the writer, who promptly tore it up and also the carbon copy in his files.

The incident illustrates Gompers's problem in keeping all the union leaders in line. On one occasion when he was being hard pressed for a concession, he was warned that if he persisted in his refusal the matter would be taken to the different union chiefs. His face which could be so sphinx-like in personal discussion and so alive in oratory was a mask as he answered that this would be perfectly agreeable to him. The plan so obviously suited his politics, when he understood the hot reception it would receive, that the man who made the threat concluded to hold his fire until a better day. Gompers could be an adept at waiting with an oriental serenity.

When we were not yet deep in the war, Gompers's responsiveness, and his long influence over his following, gave Baker moments when he saw labor as less factious than some of the captains of industry whose vantage was so deeply set in individual power. In a letter on November 10th to the President, urging him to attend the annual convention of the Federation of Labor at Buffalo, Baker said:

"If you were to find yourself able to go there, what you would say would undoubtedly be accepted on both sides as the war duty of the country, and I confess I am more concerned to have industry and capital know what you think they ought to do with regard to labor than to have labor understand its duty. In my own dealings with the industrial problems here, I have found labor more willing to keep step than capital."

Surely, Samuel Gompers was one of the great personalities of the war. Neither England nor France had a labor leader who occupied so strong and advantageous a position, owing to his having kept labor aloof



Brigadier General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was in charge of American railroad transport in France

from alliances in partisan politics, as he sought to gain its ends by influencing the programs of both parties. Among all the speakers, including the most eminent in and out of the ranks of the four-minute men, probably no one in the range of impassioned appeals to arouse national feeling had such an influence as his championship of the cause of free labor being at stake against Prussian militarism. He knew his Europe and its workers and he knew how well off, comparatively, American labor was, although he could never admit that it was getting its fair share.

While I am on the subject of Gompers, whose part has been one of the revelations of the records, I may mention the references to him in my talks with the industrial leaders who worked with him. As they were forming their battalions in the battle line, they learned to value a man as a man, without thinking of his origin, position, religion, or class, as men in the trenches learned to judge one another on the basic merits of character. All liked Gompers. They agreed that he was "a patriot," "he played the game," "a fine old fellow."

I shall add an anecdote about Gompers which seems rather in place here, if out of chronology. After the war, Baker received word of Mrs. Gompers's death and a request to come to the funeral. Baker went to Gompers's little house which his ability as an organizer might have made a big house if he had chosen a career of individual enterprise. There was no religious service. Gompers had merged the religion of his fathers and all other religions into a religion of labor.

Through the ethical service he sat unmoved, his face as expressionless as the bare expanse of his forehead. At the end of it he asked Baker to say a few words. Baker, who had a gift of eloquence on any extemporaneous occasion, pitched his talk on the struggle of the husband and wife in their youth and their long service together; and then the veteran, who had faced down opposition, outwitted it, or skilfully conciliated it at so many labor conventions, shook with sobs. His fondness for Baker was prob-

ably owing to Baker's candor and consideration in dealing with him.

From first to last Gompers did not give up, as a part of his prevision for the future, his effort to have the eight-hour day recognized by the Government as of universal application in war times which, in the pressure of the spring and summer of 1918, might have been most embarrassing to full industrial output. Baker's refusal to yield on this point, which he expressed orally to Gompers



"Cause and effect" was the caption beneath this cartoon by John T. McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune early in the war

and other Federation of Labor chiefs, caused them to desire to appeal to the President, but the Secretary told them Mr. Wilson would be unable to discuss the matter with them at that time, as he informed the President by letter.

If Gompers's was not the first conception of the plan, at least he fathered the War Risk Insurance Act. Those college men would be officers and were "moneyed men." His interest was in allowances for the families of the men who served in the Army and Navy for a dollar a day, and the care of their dependents if they were killed or disabled. On July 15, 1917, he had written to Baker saying that the committee of the Advisory Commission including himself, V. Everitt Macy, August Belmont, P. Tecumseh Sherman, Professor Spencer F. Baldwin, Judge Julian W. Mack, and others, had had a conference on the subject, and they were assisting Mack in drafting a bill. Gompers suggested that Baker bring the bill before the Council of National Defense for its approval before it was introduced in Congress.

But this letter was not sent, until later for the records, as it appeared that Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo said that he had had in mind the thing the committee had been working on and was calling the life insurance men into council. He preferred to take the bill directly to the President, who would present it to Congress himself, without waiting on the approval of the Council of National Defense, of which Baker was Chairman, or on the Advisory Commission of industrial experts.

In the "business as usual" period the life insurance companies were deeply interested in the plan and in its influence after the war, as it put the Government into life insurance. Judge Mack, as chairman of the Advisory Commission section on compensation for soldiers had to go warily, as the life insurance companies were very active on the subject in the halls of Congress. He met their criticisms by saying that the act would be the greatest advertisement in history for life insurance. They were convinced of this if the insurance were not too cheap.

It turned out that no piece of war propaganda at the time was

it appear to them that private companies could take them over as a peace risk at lower rates.

After McAdoo had had his conference with the life insurance leaders, which was subsequent to the work of the Gompers committee on the subject, he requested the President to turn over the administration of the war risk insurance to the Treasury, as it was a financial matter. Baker, who had responsibilities enough without asking for any desired by the Treasury, which had not yet taken charge of all the railroads in addition to the Liberty loans, only reminded the President in a letter that all the names and addresses and all the records of the soldiers were kept in the War Department.

McAdoo had his way. The insurance administration went to the Treasury as a further duplication of effort, when on all hands the call was for co-ordination. Soon McAdoo was asking Baker to send over officers and soldiers to assist in the administration of war risk insurance. But a difficulty appeared. There was a law against such transfers.

The soldiers' records could not be in two places at once; and the War Department must have them at hand for frequent reference. Baker said that the only way was for a committee from the Treasury and the Adjutant General's office to work out some system of co-operation; and then he would, as usual, exercise the authority to make the necessary transfers and regulations as a warranted war-time exception to the law.



"I am dreaming of the stars," says the Kaiser gloomily to the Crown Prince. From Pêle-Mêle, Paris

NO LONGER did our preparations seem to be shooting in the air. Their target had been disclosed by the starting of a new file in the War Department with the early cablegrams to and from the "Amexforce", the American Expeditionary Force. On June 26th, just as the thrill from the arrival of Pershing and his staff on the 13th had died down, the Allies rejoiced in another thrill which held a more substantial promise of our aid. Our Navy passed the word that it had succeeded in the first of many missions of the kind, missions that were to become as commonplace in the ensuing year as the arrival or departure of a cruiser in peace. But this time the word



The cbow line which marked a recess from fatigue duty at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia

more unfair to our soldiers than the trumpeting of the War Risk Insurance Act as a new and wondrous system of compensation which would make future pensions or funds for the care of the disabled unnecessary. The civil world even seemed to think that it was free insurance. With the difference of the added risk for war, the act as finally passed gave the soldiers insurance at the average, or possibly a shade higher, premium, which they had to meet out of their soldier pay. The only advantage was that if they died in war serving for a dollar a day their legatees would get the same, or about the same amount as for the death of a munitions worker on ten dollars a day. All danger of government interference with private enterprise had been averted in the course of the greatest advertisement. After the war some of the younger veterans dropped their government insurance when agents made

snapped suspense in happy relief for the Secretary of War. Our first contingent of troops had been safely convoyed through the submarine zone to France.

When French veterans and their wives and parents, after three years of military censorship, had fallen into the habit of wondering how much of what they read was true and what truths were not allowed to appear in print, the press announcement of the landing of our troops at St. Nazaire only whetted curiosity for a more convincing demonstration of the validity of the information.

It might be in staff logic that our pioneer (Continued on page 54)

AN A. E. F. TRAGEDY

In Which the Dog-robber Shines

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



BACK in the days when things in Nicaragua weren't quite so calm and peaceful as they are now (or aren't they calm and peaceful now? we've not been keeping up with the newspapers) a planter in one of the outlying settlements heard the sound of many guns being fired, and excitedly telephoned to the nearest garrison that an uprising was in progress.

On being assured that the matter would be attended to at once, the settler managed to get some sleep after he had bolted and barred all his windows and doors and pulled his bedclothes over his head. When he awakened in the morning, he was relieved to find that all the noise had stopped, but was astounded to find only one lone marine in sight, propped up against a palm tree.

"Hey!" the planter shouted. "I sent word there was an uprising. Are you the only man they sent?"

The leatherneck cocked a mildly surprised eye.

"Why, sure," he drawled. "They wasn't but one uprisin', was they?"

Almost was he on his knees before her, his eyes filled with tears as supplications poured from his lips. But she remained adamant, and her only answer was "No."

He rose and heart-broken, yet with a sort of dignity, started for the door, and as he did so she relented just a trifle.

"You poor boy," she murmured. "I'm so sorry, but I just can't say yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed bitterly. "But you are not done with me, my beauty. You shall hear from me again. I shall return. Since you will not subscribe to one of these magazines to help a deserving young man work his way through college, I shall come back, upon graduation, as representative of a nationally known brush manufacturing company, 'a brush for every use and a use for every brush.' Ha, ha, ha!"



A lady of uncertain age, but of very certain disposition and determination, strode into a hotel, planked her suitcase on the floor, and demanded of the clerk:

"Give me a room and bath, immediately!"

The youth behind the counter looked worried for an instant, but then his professional suavity returned.

"Madame," he said, "I can give you a room all right, but I'm afraid that if you're in a hurry you'll have to take your own bath—I don't get off until seven."

"And how many of my little flock," asked the Sunday school teacher, "want to go to heaven?"

Every one put up a hand except little Arthur. "Why, Arthur!" the teacher exclaimed in surprise. "Don't you want to go to heaven?"

Arthur looked uncomfortable. "Please, mum," he mumbled, "I'd like to be excused. I promised Annie Scroggs I'd walk home with her."

A couple of local merchants, one the professional pessimist and the other the confirmed optimist, met on the street.

"Business is rotten," the first grumbled.

"Oh, I don't know," the silver-lining finder retorted genially, "with me it's looking up."

"Looking up? How the——"

"Sure. How else could it look? It's flat on its back, ain't it?"



The Wartville Ladies' Social, Musical, Literary and Artistic Wednesday Evening Club was holding its big annual entertainment, and

the program was more ambitious than usual. First there was to be a supper, the ingredients to be prepared and brought by various ladies, and after that the more musically gifted were to render the prison scene from "Faust"—no less.

Mr. Mudge, being compelled to attend, watched his wife with some trepidation as she prepared the salad, and looked on in awed astonishment as the amateur divas stuffed the food into them. But his horror became acute when the opera was really on and Mrs. Crowell, the prima donna, was reaching for high C—if that's what sopranos reach for. Suddenly he nudged his wife and in a hoarse whisper said:

"You shouldn't of put them in, Jessie, you shouldn't of. Ain't Amy Crowell warned you time and again radishes don't agree with her?"

A safety-first campaign was on in town, and a representative of the local newspaper called on the traction magnate to get his views.

"For instance," the reporter suggested helpfully, "suppose you say something about the people who are struck by automobiles while alighting from street cars."

The official considered this, then shook his head.

"Nope," he negatived. "Those people have paid their fares. It's this running over folks that's waiting to get on the trolleys that makes me so damn sore."



This one is true, as witnesseth the conductor of this department.

In one of our States, unpleasantly noted for the frequency of its bank failures, rumors were spread that a certain institution was in a bad way, and by the opening hour a long line had formed from the teller's window to the corner of the block. Particularly nervous was a stout man who frequently consulted his watch, while beads of perspiration formed on his brow.

The line gradually melted, but just as he came abreast of the window, it closed and an official announced:

"Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, no more business today."

"But," the nervous one gasped, waving a slip of paper, "it's only two minutes of ten."

"Can't help it, brother. Tough luck, but the bank is closed."

The fat man gave vent to a shriek of relief, slammed the paper in the other's hand and ran out at full speed. The official opened it and read:

"We regret to inform you that your account is overdrawn \$4.60. Unless this matter is adjusted before ten o'clock tomorrow morning, steps will be taken."

One of those finicky old boys who would rather die than split an infinitive, and think the so-called Harvard accent should be used even on Ellis Island, happened into a Greek restaurant and sat studying the bleared menu. The waiter volunteered assistance.

"Zoup, sir?" he asked. "Zoup?"

"Zoup!" snorted the fussy one. "Why can't you speak English? I don't know what you're talking about."

The waiter placed his arms akimbo and grinned cheerfully.

"You know hash, sure?" he said. "Well, zoup, she's same t'ing like hash, only she's more looser."



Into the police station, pale and terror-stricken, dashed a little man, with panic oozing from every pore (which is a good trick and a spectacular one if you can do it). When he had regained some of his breath he panted to the sergeant in charge:

"My—my wife! I've got to have protection! She's threatened to bash my head in with an axe."

"Um," returned the sergeant judiciously. "Bash your head in with an axe, huh? Go on home, young feller. You ain't in no danger. Ain't you ever see a woman try to chop a hunk of wood?"

The LADY FROM ARIZONA

By Philip Von Blon

BEAMS of artificial sunlight from the photographers' floodlamps flashed through the haze of the Legion's National Convention auditorium at Boston, converging in a pool of brilliance about the microphone, and into this bright spot stepped many notables as bands or drum corps played and eight thousand Legionnaires gave tumultuous welcomings. President Hoover appeared, former President Coolidge, General Pershing, General Gouraud. Others—a long procession of distinguished men, some of them accustomed to the floodlights and cheering audiences, others restive under the glare and the applause. And then a woman, in a gay print dress, smiling, carrying flowers. "The new President of The American Legion Auxiliary," announced National Commander Bodenhamer. "Mrs. Robert Lincoln Hoyal."

She stood, smiling, while the big audience cheered even more enthusiastically than usual. There was no forced gallantry in that applause. The convention unmistakably registered its approval of her. But what would she say? Could she speak—make herself heard in that auditorium, with the distractions of blazing lamps, motion picture cameras and buzzing delegates?

As she spoke the Legion came to know Mrs. Hoyal as The American Legion Auxiliary has known her for ten years. She spoke without hesitation and her voice—musically contralto in a pleasing tone range—came clearly and evenly from the loud speakers. She pledged to the Legion a continuance of the Auxiliary's helpfulness and referred to work already accomplished and work to be done. Smiling always—animated. When she finished the convention applauded as heartily as when she appeared. Mrs. Hoyal had won the Legion in one brief address.

The Legionnaires at Boston recognized in Mrs. Hoyal an exponent of the assurance with which modern woman has accepted her heritage of political and business equality. Mrs. Hoyal, wholly feminine in dress and voice and manner, was obviously the modern woman of affairs, notwithstanding her own whimsical belief that she is old-fashioned because she has never worn her hair short. She was comparatively unknown to that audience of Legionnaires, although many of them may have heard that for two years she was chairman of the Auxiliary's National Legislative Committee and that her work contributed largely to the passage of important legislation advocated by the Legion as well as the Auxiliary. She had served as National Vice President in 1928-29 and had traveled widely in the States of the Southwest. She had also been chairman of the Auxiliary's National Child Welfare Committee last year, after holding many other places of honor in the national activities of



*Mrs. Robert Lincoln Hoyal of Douglas, Arizona,
President of The American Legion Auxiliary*

the Auxiliary since the year 1921.

Those who had known Mrs. Hoyal before she appeared on the stage of the Boston convention knew that her election as National President was not the result of chance selection, that it was the logical recognition of natural leadership which she manifested in her school days, in a career as a high school instructor and supervisor of education among the Indians, as the director of food conservation activities in the Southwest during the World War, and finally as a first citizen of a highly unusual American city in Arizona on the border between the United States and Mexico.

There were other factors also which one had to know to understand her rise to national leadership in the Auxiliary. There were, for example, the heritage she derived from able and vigorous ancestors in three centuries of American history and the legacy of achievement of these forebears, first in the Massachusetts of the Pilgrim Fathers and later in New York, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Kansas.

Descended from the Winslows and the Nyes of Plymouth and Lynn, Mrs. Hoyal may look back to four patriot ancestors who fought in the War of the Revolution and others who fought in every later war of the United States. A great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Nye, was a Minute Man at Lexington and Concord. Her other progenitors in this war were John Barr, Stephen Kelly and Stephen Winslow. This record of early service made it especially appropriate that Mrs. Hoyal, as National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, was presiding officer of the Sixth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense in Washington in January of this year.

Kenelm Winslow, from whom Mrs. Hoyal is descended, was the brother of Governor Edward Winslow, who came on the *Mayflower* in 1620, the third signer of the Mayflower Compact and the father of the first white child born in the new colony. Kenelm Winslow came to Plymouth in 1629. Several years later he was chosen surveyor of the colony. He was secretary of the colony while his brother, Edward, was governor. In 1641 Kenelm Winslow received a grant of land and removed to Marshfield, which was considered the Eden of that region. He was one of the twenty-six original proprietors of Freetown, purchased from the Indians in 1659. He was a farmer and planter, engaged in shipping, and served in various offices of the general court for eight years. In the later period of his life he secured a tract of land in Rhode Island, where many of his descendants still live.

Jonathan Nye, another of Mrs. Hoyal's earliest ancestors in



Of old pioneer stock were Mrs. Hoyal's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Evans. Mr. Evans served for many years as receiver for the United States Land Office at Colby, Kansas. Since his death Mrs. Evans has lived in Honolulu near the plantation home of another daughter

America, arrived on the *Abigail* in 1635 at the age of fifteen and settled at Lynn. The Winslow and Nye families were joined in the marriage of Mrs. Hoyal's great-grandparents, John Winslow and Keziah Nye.

The qualities which marked these early ancestors were a part of a rich American heritage. It is certain that from her girlhood in a little town in the grazing country of Kansas to her rise to a community leader in Douglas, Arizona, Mrs. Hoyal has always possessed those attributes which won for her firm friendships and enduring loyalty, and she has always shown an exceptional capacity for achievement.

Her girlhood was spent in the little town of Colby, Kansas, where she surprised her teachers and schoolmates by her rapid progress in school. She finished grade school in six years instead of the usual eight, high school in three years instead of four. But there were even more important influences than schooling in those earliest days which affected her later life. Through her father and a grandfather she acquired the knowledge which comes from meeting many people and observing them in all the everyday activities of life.

Charles Clark Evans in the early eighties had gone from the University of Iowa to Emporia, Kansas, where his cousin, Stephen Winslow, had a sheep ranch. While young Mr. Evans was trying to get a foothold in the grazing country of Kansas he met Isabella Helen Kelly, who had lately come to Kansas with her father, John Kelly, from Pittsfield, Illinois. They were married in 1882 at Cottonwood Falls.

A cattle ranch at Allison, Kansas, was the first home of Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Later Mr. Evans was elected county treasurer. After the birth of a son and a daughter the Evans family in the early nineties moved to Hoxie, Kansas, and here two more daughters were born, the first, Wilma Dette Evans, who was to become, by her marriage in 1917, Mrs. Robert Lincoln Hoyal.

Mrs. Hoyal remembers her girlhood in Hoxie as a period of concern on the part of her gentle mother, for quite early Wilma

Dette Evans showed as much liking for her father's activities as for the social and household affairs of her mother. Her father was a leader in the Republican party of his section and his little daughter, with her hair braided at her back, liked nothing better than to accompany him on the trips he made in a buggy or carriage or by train to see other party leaders or the voters of the county. Mrs. Evans was anxious. Girls who didn't like to

sew and play at cooking were in danger of becoming tomboys, in Hoxie's way of looking at things. Wilma Dette Evans, however, was fascinated by the people her father met. She listened gravely to conversations and the friendly debates over problems of the day. She talked too with her father's friends. She sat admiringly in meeting halls while her father and others spoke.

Another important influence in the early life of Wilma Evans was the series of visits she made to the home of her grandfather in West Liberty, Iowa. Grandfather William Clark Evans in West Liberty was a brilliant man, a dominant personality in his community, a leader of the Republican party in Iowa, and the patriarchal ruler of his family, which included eight children.

Wilma was only three years old when she made her first visit to Grandfather Evans's home. She made other visits later. William Clark Evans proudly took his granddaughter with him on his trips through the country. National figures came to Iowa and the little girl at her grandfather's side—she was his favorite grandchild and he called her "a real Evans"—met many of them. There are memories today of meeting Mark Hanna, William McKinley and others of that period almost as notable. Grandfather

Evans died at eighty-three. His favorite granddaughter remained "real Evans," developing with the years so many traits and characteristics which belong to the family legendry of him.

In 1900 Charles Clark Evans was appointed receiver for the United States Land Office at Colby, Kansas. He had met Theodore Roosevelt during Roosevelt's early (Continued on page 44)



Chaps and sombreros go with Douglas as with other South-western towns, but this view of G Street, on which the Hoyals' jewelry store is located, might almost as well represent the bustling, cars-to-the-curb main street of Greenfield, Indiana, or Derry, New Hampshire

KEEPING STEP

OH YES, it was a nice cup and Hanford Post of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, admired it, but it couldn't understand how come. The cup had been sent to the Iowa Department by the Boston national convention committee with a note saying that it had been awarded to Hanford Post for having the "best singing and marching delegation" in the big convention parade.

Only a few of the post members had gone to Boston, however, and they had not marched as a delegation. But Maurice Cahill was struck by a memory. He is Commander of the Iowa Department and he lives in Cedar Rapids. Cahill recalled marching in the group of present and past Iowa department officials at the head of the Iowa delegation. With him were Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander, now Minister to Canada; James F. Barton, Past Department Adjutant and now National Adjutant; C. B. Robbins, former assistant secretary of war; Frank Miles, editor of the *Iowa Legionaire*, and a dozen others. As this outfit swung by the reviewing stand, Cahill remembered, somebody ran up to him and asked, "What post do you belong to?" "Hanford Post," he replied. That explained everything.

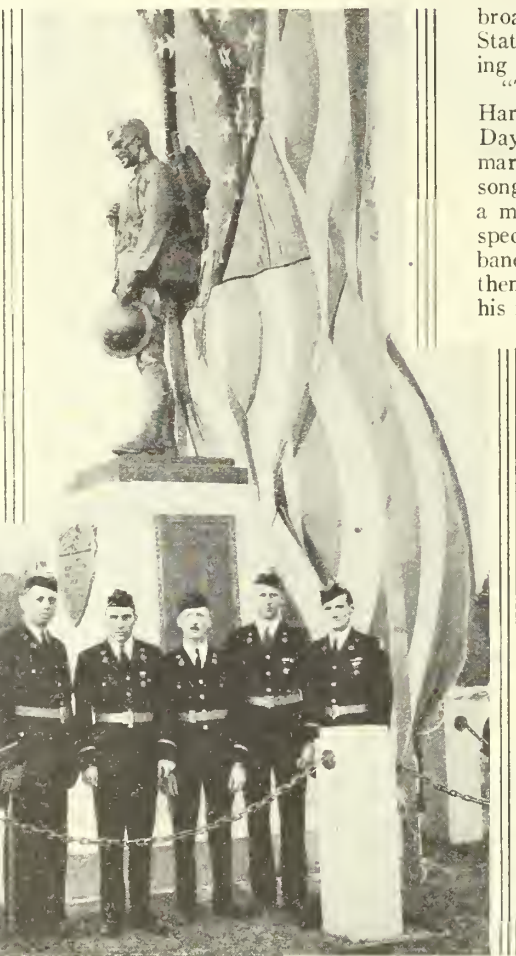
Cedar Rapids tried to give the cup back to Boston, but couldn't. It will be given to the best appearing post in the Iowa Department's convention this year.

Editor Miles forwarded this tale to National Adjutant Barton with the comment, "You didn't know you were some singer and marcher, did y'u?"

"I am a swell marcher," Mr. Barton replied, "but no one has ever accused me of being a great singer. I am glad to know, however, that my efforts at last have been recognized. Please do not laugh over this, Frank, for it is a very serious matter with me."

E Pluribus Radio

THE harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed was not what spread the soul of music through Astoria, Oregon, when Clatsop Post paraded down the town's main street on Armistice Day. The post paraded without band, without drum corps, without buglers, but rat-ta-tas, oompah-oompahs and wheedle-deedle-dees filled the air nevertheless all along the line. The soul of music on this occasion was shed through Astoria's halls by batteries of radio loud speakers, arranged in front of all the stores which the parade passed. All the radios gave forth the stirring tones of a series of military marches



J. Clinton Shepherd, who made the illustrations for Peter B. Kyne's "Hostages to Fortune" in this issue, is a sculptor as well as an artist. He is also Vice Commander of August Matthias Post at Westport, New York, where this memorial, his latest work, was dedicated on Armistice Day. Mr. Shepherd (center) is shown with Westport post and department officials

broadcast especially for the parade by Station KFJL, Astoria's own broadcast station.

"The effect was great," writes Edgar Hart, chairman of the post's Armistice Day committee. "As the service men marched in formation, the old marching songs of our army days boomed forth in a mighty blended chorus. Paraders and spectators alike were thrilled as no single band or drum corps would have thrilled them. I predict that when Gabriel sounds his final call he'll use an amplifier."

Life Saving

IT IS easy to be cynical and quote the saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The aphorism isn't true always. When an epidemic of infantile paralysis was threatened in Springfield, Vermont, everybody deplored the fact that the town's hospital did not have the rather complicated and expensive machine used to maintain the final sparks of life in persons apparently dying from pneumonia, carbon monoxide gas poisoning and certain other causes. The effectiveness of such a machine was demonstrated when a Springfield child, victim of infantile paralysis, was given treatment at a Boston hospital after a fast ambulance trip. Then Springfield Post of the Legion announced it would give \$100 to help purchase the respirator. The post's Auxiliary unit gave \$50. Quickly citizens not Legionnaires contributed the remainder of the \$2,000 fund needed. The apparatus is of a new and improved type, the only one of its kind in New England north of Boston.

The same sort of community spirit marks Lynbrook (New York) Post. It recently bought two oxygen masks for use in hospitals. The post felt more than repaid when it received a grateful letter from a convalescent pneumonia patient whose life had been saved by one of the masks.

Straight Shooter

A BROAD-SHOULDERED Legionnaire in Lima, Ohio, apparently has the steadiest right arm and the best pair of eyes in the Legion—if not in the whole country. He is Ralph S. Marshall of William Paul Gallagher Post. At the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry last autumn he scored 470 points out of a possible 500, thereby winning the pistol championship for the United States and placing himself at the head of a list of 5,000 pistol marksmen who are enrolled in the association.



It is good to be a Boy Scout anywhere, but boy, oh boy, think of being one in the mountains of California, roaming where the Forty-niners hunted gold and grizzlies and pitching your tents on the sites of Roaring Camps. Lucky outfit, this troop of Sacramento Post

Marshall never has used tobacco. He began shooting the pistol in competition in 1925. He follows the methods of golf champions in training and practices daily. Snapping-in practice or dry fire are to him what indoor club swinging is to Bobby Jones. Speed is almost as important as accuracy to a pistol champion, for many contests require that a certain number of shots be fired in a limited period.

Marshall polishes up his own skill by carrying a 38-calibre Colt instead of a rifle on hunting trips. In the North Bay region of Canada in 1928 he got many deer with his pistol, and rabbits regularly fall before his pistol during the short Ohio hunting season.

Some of Marshall's best records in matches have been made immediately after driving a hundred miles to reach the range. He is an imperturbable business man between matches—proprietor of a sporting goods store. He is busy now planning to win a place on the United States team in the matches to be held in connection with the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932.

Seed the Legion Sowed

FAR and wide in North Carolina and South Carolina has spread the fame of the Lenoir (North Carolina) High School Band, and that fame has penetrated even to distant States. Meantime Dysart-Kendall Post of The American Legion is happy in the feeling that it served its town well on that day in 1924 when it presented to the high school a set of band instruments and notified the school authorities that a Legionnaire would, without pay, act as director of a school band. James C. Harper, present director of the band, writes:

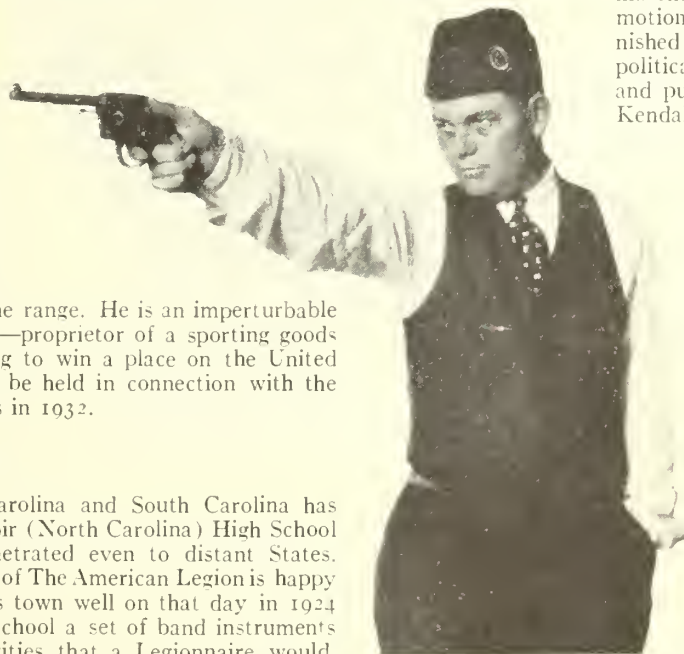
"If the Lenoir Legionnaires had in mind a band which would furnish community affairs with inspiring music, it may look with pride on the way our band has helped welcome distinguished visitors to the city, accompanied publicity tours of the Chamber

of Commerce, drilled with the Legion post and the local National Guard unit, attended conventions, played and marched for athletic contests not only in Lenoir and for their own high school but also for nearly all North Carolina colleges at their biggest games, helped dedicate highways, bridges, tablets and war memorials, assisted the Boy Scouts, played for union revival services, marched in a circus parade, appeared in motion pictures, broadcast by radio, furnished music for the campaigns of both political parties and played at a radio and pure food show put on by Dysart-Kendall Post.

"If the idea in the minds of the Legionnaires was to develop musical ability, the post may look with equal pride on the facts that their high school band has taken part in every school band contest held in North Carolina and has won first place in its class every year until the 1929 contest when it voluntarily asked for permission to play in a class higher than its own."

Detroit Gets Ready

DETROIT is going to school these days. Its teacher is Boston. Little more than six months from now the Legion will be again on the march, converging by companies, regiments and divisions upon the nation's motor metropolis and gateway to Canada; and Detroit is getting ready to entertain them, shelter them, feed them in the same mighty way



Legionnaire Ralph S. Marshall of Lima, Ohio, was best pistol shot among 5,000 who took part in the 1930 national matches



It might be any Legion post, anywhere, but it happens to be Spencer Ely Post holding its monthly luncheon at Buenos Aires, Argentina. At any post in the world, in any capital or important city, you'll find the outfit answering mess call

Boston did that job last autumn. Boston saw the Legion's largest mobilization. It had to do a lot of planning—pioneering arrangements largely—and it is telling Detroit all it learned.

John D. Crowley, executive secretary of the Boston convention corporation, says the special telephone system was the key-stone of Boston's convention. New England Telephone and Telegraph Company engineers had two hundred special telephones hooked up to a special section of switchboard in the Back Bay exchange before the first conventionaires arrived. Carroll J. Swan, the convention's Napoleon, National Commander Bodenhamer or National Adjutant Barton by lifting a receiver could communicate with any one of the two hundred key men or convention points in a few seconds.

A telephone was at the National Commander's elbow on the speaker's platform in the convention hall, and he was constantly receiving calls or making them. Hotel rooms of the directing officials, headquarters of department delegations, railroad stations, armories, committee halls—all these were bound together in the special telephone system. There were 52,251 calls during the period—10,652 on the first day of the convention.

Uncle Sam did his share of work at Boston also. He set up a special postoffice sub-station for conventionaires' mail. The folk back home send a surprising number of letters. Each day the convention committee printed a bulletin listing uncalled-for mail, and this was posted in hotel lobbies and distributed to department delegation headquarters.

Police and Politeness

NOT all Boston Legionnaires marched in the parade or watched it. Seven hundred of them assisted the police along the parade route and had seven busy hours. They composed the Co-op section. When President Hoover came to town they policed the routes between train and hotel, hotel and convention hall. At other times they were ministering to buddies in distress and giving the rush to hoodlums who were taking advantage of the Legionnaires' visit. South Armory was used as a haven for visitors needing special care.

First aid facilities were extraordinarily efficient. Tent stations were everywhere, especially along the line of march during the parade. Hundreds of women fainted in the crowds that lined curbs during the parade. Here and there elderly men and women required urgent medical attention. Always police and Legion aides appeared. In policing and first-aid measures, as

well as in other ways, that parade seemed perfect. Boston's regular police force, incidentally, has a higher percentage of World War veterans than has any other force.

Boston showed genius for hospitality. One manifestation was the Department's Liaison Committee, composed of three hundred Massachusetts Legionnaires, each of whom was assigned to look after comfort, convenience and welfare of visitors from a particular State. Each State delegation approaching Boston was met by a liaison man who boarded its train at an outlying city. He counted members and baggage and sent a wire to a contact man in the terminal, so that when the train arrived taxicabs and baggage trucks were waiting for the trip to hotels.

Especially notable was the hospitality extended visitors by communities surrounding Boston. Many state delegations, bands and drum corps were sheltered in nearby cities. Wisconsin, for example, was guest of Newburyport, forty miles from the metropolis.

Sky Visitors

FORTY-FOUR towns in Alabama learned recently that they are immeasurably nearer to one another than they were a score of years ago. It is not because motor cars may dash back and forth on paved highways in but a fraction of the time it took horses to cover the distances. That is commonplace. The proof came when seven army airplanes from Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama, visited within a few hours the forty-four cities and in each place dropped a message at a spot designated by the town's post of The American Legion. In many towns the visit of the army airplane was the occasion for a public holiday. Schools were dismissed so that pupils might witness the arrival of the plane on scheduled time and the dropping of the message at a spot, marked by the Legion with a panel, which the airmen's eyes found as quickly as if it had been a beacon.

School of Life

A HALF million American boys will have a chance to learn important rules in the game of life this year. They are the boys who will take part in The American Legion's junior baseball program, which, as in the past several years, will include schedules of games in local boys' leagues, district, state and regional tournaments, and, finally, the Junior World Series. The American and National leagues of organized baseball have once



It took a big window to hold all the dolls the girls of Danbury, Connecticut, dressed to win prizes in a contest conducted by the Auxiliary Unit of Danbury Post



When Goad-Ballinger Post of Springfield, Missouri, recently dedicated a \$100,000 clubhouse, time turned backward and this outfit appeared, fresh from the trenches—members of Company B, 130th Machine Gun Battalion

more contributed \$50,000 to be used in meeting the expenses of the regional, sectional and national tournaments. The National Americanism Commission issued several weeks ago the 1931 edition of the American Legion Junior Baseball Guide, which gives information on formation of teams and leagues and all other necessary facts. Copies were sent to all departments, and copies will be sent on request by National Headquarters.

One and Only

IN THE Revolutionary War the Philadelphia Light Horse Troop was a snappy outfit. Like most of the other Colonial forces organized in anticipation of war with the mother country it took its pattern from the British forces. Hence its officers when it was formed in 1774 consisted not only of a captain, first lieutenant and second lieutenant but also a cornet, an officer who might have been termed a third lieutenant.

The Philadelphia Light Horse Troop is still on the job after 157 years. So is its cornet. Today the old outfit is commonly known as Headquarters Troop of the 52d Cavalry Brigade, Pennsylvania National Guard, but it proudly preserves the traditions of its origin. That is the reason when the outfit goes on parade, John C. Groome, Jr., appears in a uniform that looks as if it might belong to a full admiral or the crown prince of Zulania. On parade he is Cornet Groome, the latest in a long line of cornets. Moreover, he is the world's one and only cornet today apparently. At least, he's the only one the War Department knows about. The rank long ago became extinct in the British army.

Mr. Groome is a member of James J. Barry Post of Philadelphia and is a real estate broker. He enlisted as a private of cavalry in 1916 and served in cavalry, engineers and field artillery in the World War with final rank of second lieutenant. He is now a captain of cavalry in the Reserves as well as a cornet.

Free Sky Rides

FIRST prize in the essay contest conducted by Spokane (Washington) Post among high school students just before last Armistice Day was a loving cup and \$25 in cash. There were other prizes also, but the incentive that proved most effective perhaps in getting five hundred students to submit essays was the offer of free airplane rides over the city to winners by a Legionnaire aviator. Students wrote on "Why We Celebrate Armistice Day." Sons and daughters of service men composed a large percentage of

those who submitted essays, according to post officials, who are hoping to offer more free airplane rides in later essay contests.

Magic Carpet Stuff

PERHAPS Russell L. Maughan mused over the story of the magic carpet in his first boyhood reading of the Arabian Nights. Only a hero aided by a genie in a golden myth could perform everyday marvels of the sort which Captain Maughan is accomplishing with his airplane. He is, of course, the first man to have breakfast in New York and dinner in San Francisco on the same day. He did that back in 1924. Then, as the dawn-to-dusk flier acclaimed by the whole nation, he did not forget his comrades of Logan (Utah) Post. He was guest of honor at a post affair just after his historic flight.

A few months ago Logan Post again invited Captain Maughan to be its honor guest. He found himself in Caliente, Nevada, at dawn of the day set for the post meeting, and he had an important mission to perform that day in Long Beach, California. But he did appear in Logan that night. When he dropped down to Logan's flying field at 5 p. m. he had covered for the day a flying distance of 1,200 miles.

"No other Legionnaire ever traveled so far to attend a meeting of his post," maintains Department Commander R. L. Olson.

The Roll Call

IT IS usually possible to find a half-dozen Legionnaires among contributors to an issue of the Monthly and this issue has its even quota, with the group representing posts on east coast, west coast and in the country's center.

Harvey Dunn, who made the cover design, is a member of De-Witt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey. Peter B. Kyne belongs to Merced (California) Post and is a former Historian of the California Department. Noble Brandon Judah has long been a member of Advertising Men's Post of Chicago. He was frequently the guest of Havana Post while he was Ambassador to Cuba. Frederick Palmer was an early member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, composed

for the most part of writers and actors. Abian A. Wallgren, who has been the service man's Boswell-cartoonist for twelve years, is a member of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia. Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

RIGHT GUIDE



Looks like the Crown Prince of Zulania but he is Cornet John C. Groome, Jr., of a Philadelphia National Guard cavalry troop. The rank of "cornet" dates back to the Revolutionary War and Groome is the only man who holds it today

THEN *and* NOW

HEROISM during the war was not confined to the battlefields. Standing prominently among the unsung and undecorated heroes are unquestionably many who served in the much-derided S. O. S. and some who bore the general classification of pill-rollers.

Thoughts of this kind arose from a brief request from Legionnaire Ernest Hagan of Clair Harkney Post, Fort Scott, Kansas:

"Would like to hear from buddies who donated their blood to me for transfusion in October or November, 1918, at Base Hospital No. 42, A. E. F."

A letter to Hagan brought to light these facts which might help his benefactors to remember him:

"While serving in Company G, 137th Infantry, 35th Division, I was wounded September 28, 1918, the third day of the Meuse-Argonne drive, near Baulny. A piece of H. E. struck my mouth, taking my lips, breaking both jaws and tearing away the hard palate.

"Removed to Base Hospital No. 42, the doctors could not remove the piece of H. E. for about a month as I was too weak from loss of blood. I had eight hemorrhages during that time and was given three blood transfusions. Finally the shell splinter was removed. I think the doctor in charge of my ward was Captain Grant and the nurse was a Miss Foley, both from Baltimore, Maryland.

"Arriving in the States on January 18, 1919, I went to Fort Riley, Kansas, and from there to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where I had fifteen operations, mostly skin grafts. Fourteen months later I was discharged with a permanent total disability rating."

Base Hospital No. 42, we find, was located in Bazoilles, France. Now let the unsung heroes in this particular case report to the Company Clerk.

GENERALLY speaking, the use of oxen for transportation purposes is a rarity in these United States except possibly in some less-advanced sections. The picture which Paul R. Braithwaite of Martinsburg, West Virginia, permits us to see on this page will, however, bring back memories to many graduates of the A. E. F. Such sights were common in the rural districts of France and Belgium as well as Germany, in which latter country this snap was taken. Braithwaite writes:

"The enclosed picture of a German 'bauer' or farmer was taken by some Yank of Fourth Division Headquarters on the road which paralleled the Rhine River, from Schloss Rheineck to the town of Nieder Breisig.

"Although the oxcart was common enough transportation to the German farmer, while we were in the Occupied Area, it never failed to get a laugh from the American soldier whenever seen. I often thought of taking a ride in one but never tried it, although I don't think it could have been much worse than a 40 and 8 boxcar.

"One Yank with us when the picture was taken, wanted to hire the outfit to take his Fraulein for a Sunday spin.

"Often I wonder what has become of the former gang belong-



Not only shortage of horses because of the war accounts for the quaint transportation pictured. Oxen in the Occupied Area were common, according to Paul R. Braithwaite, ex-Fourth Division man

ing to Fourth Train Headquarters and M. P.'s. Does Big Boy Parsons who was with me in the St. Mihiel and Argonne scraps remember the birthday party we decided to stage when we discovered we were within a few days of being the same age? It didn't pan out, however."

LEGIONNAIRE C. H. Goshorn, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Osceola Mills, Pennsylvania, is the man to thank for this amusing and enlightening story of wartime efficiency—or red tape. Read on:

"My friend, F. T. Owens, who was a brick contractor during the war, gave me a letter which I thought may be of interest to your readers. Mr. Owens was connected with the Ridgway Brick Company, Ridgway, Pennsylvania, and was responsible for the shipment of brick to the Government

during the war. Upon shipment of each car load he would send a telegram to the Government clerk in charge.

"The letter referred to contained a Western Union telegram and a reply to the wire.

"The telegram read:

"WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

Ridgway, Pa., 7-24-18.

"Confirmation

"A. N. Hutchinson,

'Bureau Yds. & Docks,

'U. S. Navy, 314 Union Bank Building,

'Washington, D. C.

'Express Car loaded will move on B. G. ten tonight.

'RIDGWAY BRICK CO.'

"The answering letter follows:

"LE FOYER DU SOLDAT

"Union Franco-Americaine

"le Sept. 10, 1918.

"Ridgway Brick Co.,

'Ridgway, Pa.

'Gentlemen:

"The inclosed telegram was just delivered to me a few kilometers west of "no man's land." A comrade told me that there was a letter "down there" for me and I walked a half mile through mud and rain to get this thing. Naturally I was very much pleased to receive such interesting mail as I had imagined it was merely another letter from my girl.

"To tell you the truth I don't care much just now whether that car moved or not, but as a matter of courtesy I will say that I hope it reached its destination safely.

"Give my best regards to all folks in Ridgway—I am from Harrisburg and *no doubt* they all know *me* up your way.

"Trusting business is as lively with you as it is with us, I am

'Very truly yours,

'HARRY C. HUTCHINSON,

'E Co., 37th Engineers, A. E. F.,

'Formerly of the Bureau of Yards & Docks,

'Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.'

"While I am unable to send you the letter and telegram since Mr. Owens wishes to keep them as war (Continued on page 53)



*First Lieutenant Arthur F. McKeogh
Distinguished Service Cross
308th Infantry, 77th Division*



***When the Lost Battalion
was first cut off***

He carried a message through the enemy lines

Hear the thrilling story of First Lieutenant Arthur F. McKeogh, who was Adjutant of the Lost Battalion before it was first beleaguered. The Battalion was holding an advanced position, completely surrounded by the enemy. Major Whittlesey called on Lt. McKeogh and a detachment of 23 men to re-establish contact with our forces. They proceeded cautiously—met strong enemy resistance and suffered severe casualties.

Ordering his men to return, Lt. McKeogh and two runners proceeded alone . . . but you should hear Lt. McKeogh tell the complete story himself.

This thrilling, dramatic, personal narrative is one of the series which the Chevrolet Motor Company presents in its celebrated radio

series, the Chevrolet Chronicles. Each week the story of an American hero who has been decorated for valor in action is told by the man himself. . . . These programs are reviving public interest in the exploits of our heroes. They are giving Americans—young and old—a vivid picture

of what such qualities as patriotism, heroism and self-sacrifice actually mean.

In addition to these war episodes the Chevrolet Chronicles include a series of delightful vocal and instrumental musical numbers arranged by the famous Frank Black and Gustave Haenschen. Listen in! You are sure to enjoy these thrilling, entertaining programs of drama and music.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**Hear the
personal stories
of**

**AMERICA'S
GREATEST
HEROES**

**over the air each
week in the**

**CHEVROLET
CHRONICLES**

Watch your local paper for station and time



Leonard Nason says:

"The most popular hat at one time was the iron derby. It had a lot of advantages. First off, it was free, and second, it did not require fitting, being made in one size and easily adjusted to the wearer's skull. Moreover, it could be used to sit on, if the sitting was muddy, and as a candlestick at night. Still, I don't think anyone regrets the passing of the tin hat style period, even if the selection of a good Knox Hat takes a little more time and costs a little more money."

**KNOX
HATS
\$7**

There's a KNOX Dealer in your city

Law Is Order

(Continued from page 4)

have become organized it will be easy to integrate the bar of the Nation as a whole, and the law, its improvement and establishment all over the country, will be the province of the entire American profession.

The strong organization of all the professions and callings is very important to the future of this country. The administration of government itself is, and must always be, in the hands of comparatively few. It would be unfortunate if those few were selected by the individual choice of millions of individual voters.

As a matter of fact they are not so selected; but they are selected either as the result of political organization of the majority of individual voters or as the result of waves of popular opinion engendered by propaganda. And therein lies the danger.

There was a time when individual leaders commanded sufficient popular support based on the confidence of the masses to be put into office in the old democratic way. But the country, and most States throughout the country, have become too populous to admit of that in these days. Mass impulse must be controlled in some other way.

With the passing of individual influence, hope for good selections of government officials must be placed in group influence, so that the organization of strong groups in every direction should be encouraged. It matters not if the interests of those groups are conflicting.

It matters not if the groups consist of cross sections of society, or that they are interlocking, or do not include the same classes of individuals. The important point is that the groups should be intelligently controlled.

It cannot be said that there is too much democracy in America. When we abolished the remains of the feudal system we recognized the validity of universal suffrage. But we have been wrong in assuming that primary education will fit the masses for self-government. If property holding were added as a suffrage qualification it would probably be sufficient, but that requirement is no longer practicable. And now one great nation of the world—Russia—has abolished property, with the result that that whole nation, under the dictatorship of a single group, is driving on a nightmare excursion into the unknown, and they are trying to draw us and all the rest of the world after them. Of course we expect them to come to disaster—they have suffered terrible disaster already. But the Russians had nothing like so much to lose as we, and we shudder to think of suffering even the degree of disaster which they have already experienced.

But organized groups of society in this country can be dominated by the level-headed elements within them; and those groups, if they be made fully appreciative of their responsibility, will find some common ground amid the conflicting interests, and can maintain order in our Government.

Have You Learned How to Walk?

(Continued from page 9)

handle themselves just as well as the young men and, if anything, a little better.

Standing in my box in the center of the street intersection, with constantly changing crowds on all sides of me, is sort of like watching four different movies at once. This sounds like a hard thing to do, but after a while it becomes second nature. You will pick up with the tail of your eye a bunch of these girls, filtering across through the traffic, like a football player running a broken field. Just something about the way they do it tells you that they'll get across all right. You turn your head to take a look at what is going on at one of the other three crossings. When you glance at the girls again they are across and it's an old gentleman who looks like a stranger in town that holds your notice for a couple of seconds. By this time a horn is going behind you. A car wants to make a right turn. That is how it goes. Your day is one little incident after another none of which is with you more than a few seconds. Till a man gets used to it that is a part of the job that tires him out.

A traffic cop develops a pretty good

sense of distance and of the speed of moving objects which, incidentally, are just the qualifications one needs to be a perfect pedestrian. You can usually spot a good pedestrian at a glance so quick that I don't suppose you could hardly get it with a stop watch. As you run your eye past a corner you see a fellow leave the curb. He looks both ways and steps off, quickening his pace to get in front of one car, slowing up to let another pass him. You just know he'll be all right and you don't look at him again. It's a hard thing to put in words but that's about what goes on in your mind, quicker than it takes to say it. Again you see a fellow step off the curb, and something in the way he does it tells you to keep your eye on him till he gets across. And a funny thing about those people is that as soon as they see you watching them they are all right—just need a little moral support. Just the flick of a glance, that takes a second, is often enough to put a fellow who is all flustered up in the way of a safe and sure crossing.

You get so you can spot the people who are going to have trouble just as you can spot those who aren't. There is

the timid person who is *too* careful. You will see him waiting for an absolutely clear field, which on my post seldom comes unless I deliberately hold up traffic to make one. Maybe he will make one or two false starts and retreat back to the curb. Such people are dangerous and should have special attention, for as likely as not they will become absorbed watching for trouble from one direction and, forgetting all about the other, step in front of something. You find nervous people like this among all ages and conditions, but mostly they are elderly people who have come up against traffic conditions too late in life to get used to them.

Children slip through traffic as if they were born to it—as many of them are. But you never know what is going to turn a kid's mind at the wrong time, so you have to watch them, particularly when they go in bunches, as carefully as you watch old ladies.

Motorists are what make traffic difficulties. People can keep out of the way of each other, but not out of the way of cars. And cars can't keep out of the way of other cars without help.

I have often been asked which I have to watch the closest, pedestrians or cars. I watch pedestrians the closest because they are the ones that get hurt. Drivers know this, and know also that juries favor pedestrians whether in the wrong or not, so on the whole drivers are more careful of what they are doing than those afoot.

Drivers are better now than they were ten years ago, one reason for this being that cars are better. You hardly ever see traffic held up by cars being stalled which used to be a regular thing. All drivers are familiar with some form of traffic control and on the watch for it, while you can't say the same of all people. During the summer season cars carrying license tags of half the States in the Union pass my post in the course of a tour of duty. I suppose that I may glance a fraction of a second longer at a car from Texas, if I happen to notice it, than a local one, but good driving in traffic is no longer the matter of locality that it used to be.

In the second that it takes to run your eye over a line of cars a policeman's mind automatically records certain impressions of the drivers before him. A private chauffeur is nearly always a safe bet. He has an expensive car to look out after and he knows his business or wouldn't be where he is. Commercial drivers also seldom give any trouble. Taxicab operators are good drivers, but chance takers. Look at their fenders. But a passenger expects more of a taxi driver in the way of traffic dodging than he would if he were riding with a friend. That leaves owner-drivers who make up the bulk of vehicular traffic. As a class they cannot be expected to be as good as professional drivers, and they are not.

It is hard to say what it is but a policeman gets so that one glance at a group of drivers is often enough to spot the ones who don't know their orions in traffic. Maybe it is getting things down a little too fine to say that this glance falls upon the (Continued on page 38)



1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

"Gloomy care and fear
Vanish from our track, oh!
Fade and disappear—
Banished by tobacco."—ANON.

No end of reasons...for Granger

A COOLER smoke...a drier pipe...the sweetest, mellowest tobacco that ever packed a briar.

Try it for yourself: Load your pipe on the "installment plan;" pack it tight; light it evenly, all around; draw deep.

Smokers, that's a *smoke*; pipe tobacco, gentlemen, that IS pipe tobacco!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE



A SMALL AD ... BUT OH MY!

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette.

But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public *taste-tests*. Your throat . . . your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

**OLD
GOLD**
CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Have You Learned How to Walk?

(Continued from page 37)

driver first and the car he's in second. I guess I see them both at once, but it's the man I'm interested in rather than the car. And it's only the man you're not sure about that detains the eye, like a farmer, looking over a pile of apples, sees only the bad ones. A brand new car may suggest a brand new driver, a battered car a careless driver and so on. But a cop hasn't much time to go into the underlying causes. Traffic is piling up. Your business is to get the fellow who's the cause of it out of there. The simplest thing to do is just to catch his eye for an instant. Often that's enough. You can indicate with a glance or a wave of the hand what he's to do, and he usually takes it as a big favor. Bawl a fellow out under those circumstances and often you just rattle him. What he needs is something that'll give him a little self-assurance.

What does a good driver do to cross a crowded intersection? Well, he just uses his head. If he desires to turn he should look for signs to see if left turns are allowed, as they are not on my post. At some intersections no turns are permitted. This simple piece of forgetfulness delays traffic a good deal. Many drivers when waiting for a signal shift to low gear and keep the clutch out so they can start on the instant. A better way is to let the engine idle in neutral, watch the policeman or the light and just before

the change, shift. We have a good many small accidents as a result of the accidental release of the clutch of an engine idling in gear.

Women drivers? Well, I'll tell you, women are not as poor drivers as most men seem to think they are. And they are getting better year after year. If I have a half dozen cars in front of me and one is driven by a woman maybe my eye, always looking for the bad apples, picks her up a little quicker than the others. But this isn't necessarily a reflection on her driving. Too many men drivers always want to blame everything on a woman. There is a little mixup—a fender is scraped or a hub cap caught and if there is a woman in sight someone is sure to look at her as if she was the cause of the trouble whether she was or not.

But what women will do that no policeman likes is to try to get away with a traffic violation just because they are women. Not all of them do this. I know, but too many of them try it, and it puts a cop in a tough spot.

The average woman doesn't drive as much as the average man. If she did women would be just as good drivers because they seem to keep their minds on their business better than men do. The difficulty, when there is any, seems to come from the fact that handling an automobile hasn't yet become second nature to most women who drive.

Give a Hawk a Bad Name

(Continued from page 17)

mice, five contained insects, and fifty-two were empty.

It takes but a glance at this dark record to see where the blame belongs. Here are the hawks which should be shot but do not let us condemn the others because of these two. The goshawk is even larger and stronger than Cooper's hawk and is too, a bad actor, but they are only seen during very cold weather for they are really Arctic birds. Its depredations, like those of the buck hawk, are negligible because of the small number met with. At times, a severe winter will bring numbers of them into the northern parts of this country and poultry suffers as a result. The big northern gyrfalcons, splendid birds, need hardly be mentioned at all since they are even rarer than the goshawk.

There remains one of the commonest birds of prey to all of us, the handsome little sparrowhawk. It is known in north and south, east and west, and is too small to deal with any but the smallest chickens. Its activities are almost entirely insectivorous, grasshoppers and other crop destroyers being consumed in enormous numbers. A pair of sparrowhawks on a farm is the best sort of insurance. A representative collection of stomachs showed

that 54 held small birds, 101 held mammals and 215 held insects.

An account of the status of North American hawks would hardly be complete without mentioning the well-known experience of the State of Pennsylvania in its ill-advised act of once placing a bounty on the heads of birds of prey and the results arising from it. It illustrates so clearly the danger of upsetting the balance of nature that it is well worth while reading. The facts were clearly brought out by Dr. C. Hart Merriam who stated that "On the 23rd. June, 1885, the legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act known as the 'scalp act' ostensibly for the benefit of agriculture, which provided a bounty of fifty cents each on hawks, owls, weasels and minks killed within the limits of the State and a fee of twenty cents to the notary or justice taking the affidavit. By virtue of this act about \$90,000.00 was paid in bounties during a year and a half. This represents the destruction of at least 128,571 of the above-mentioned animals, most of which were hawks and owls.

"Granting that 5,000 chickens are killed annually in Pennsylvania by hawks and owls and that they are worth twenty-five cents each (a liberal estimate in view

of the fact that a large portion of them are killed when very young) the total loss would be \$1,250 and the poultry killed in a year and a half would be worth \$1,875. Hence it appears that during those eighteen months, the State expended \$90,000.00 to save its farmers a loss of \$1,875. But this estimate by no means represents the actual loss to the farmer and the taxpayer of the State. It is within bounds to say that in the course of a year, every hawk and owl destroys at least a thousand mice or their equivalent in insects and that each mouse would cause the loss of two cents had it lived. Therefore, omitting all reference to the enormous increase of these noxious animals—the lowest possible estimate of the value to the farmer of each hawk and owl would be \$20.00 a year, or \$30.00 in a year and a half.

"Hence, in addition to the \$90,000 actually expended by the State in destroying 128,571 of its benefactors, it has incurred a loss to its agricultural interests of at least \$3,857,130, or a total loss of \$3,947,130 in a year and a half. In other words, the State has thrown away \$2.105 for every dollar saved! The slaughter of such a vast number of predaceous birds and mammals is almost certain to be followed by a correspondingly enormous increase in the numbers of mice and insects formerly held in check by them, and it will take many years to restore the balance of nature thus blindly destroyed through ignorance of the economic relations of our common birds and animals."

This may well be an astonishing revelation to those who consider the birds of prey a nuisance. What has been said herein of hawks can be said also of owls. There are beneficial owls and those which are not, or at least, are questionable in their food habits, notably the great horned owl whose depredations among poultry and game birds are well known. Its taking of rabbits and rats, however, should surely compensate for its more deadly activities in the chicken yard.

The barn owl must take first rank among the beneficial birds of this family. Because of its queer visage and nocturnal habits it is a little-known bird, although common enough in the east. Many, upon seeing it for the first time, think that they are looking upon a new species and newspapers play up this idea at frequent intervals. About the roosting places of these owls, often in deserted barns or outbuildings, the floor is literally strewn with pellets and these infallibly indicate the food in that vicinity. Out of a collection of thirty-nine stomachs, four contained bird remains, thirty-four contained mammal remains and seven were empty.

The osprey or fish hawk can not be considered either for or against. It is a fish eater exclusively but does not take food fish and its presence anywhere adds charm and local color. The eagles deserve more mention; much is being said of them today but their study is worthy of a separate article. Suffice it to say here that, as regards the bald eagle, our national emblem, it is worthy of the protection of every State in the Union.

The weight (*Continued on page 40*)

The Ascot

A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR SPRING



If you favor the new trend to trimmer toes you will welcome the neatness of Ascot—combining as it does, narrowness of appearance with the roomy comfort heretofore found only in broader toe types. Selected as the smartest narrow-toe of the season. Bostonians are moderately priced—\$7 to \$10.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN



**Good new
Pipes are**

Ready for Edgeworth

MEN dread breaking in new things—new hats, new shoes... most of all, new pipes.

But *good* new pipes are friendly. They come through a process that mellows the briar before it ever gets to you. No need to take a hazing nowadays, with good new pipes.

All the better for Edgeworth, the tobacco that will not bite. Edgeworth gets the chance to prove itself in pipes that don't bite, either.

You haven't tried Edgeworth? Use the coupon, man! The postman will bring you, with our compliments, a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine Edgeworth. Try it, like it—and thereafter you'll find it always the same, all around the world, unchanging and good!



Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

LARUS & BRO. CO.
100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

Now let the Edgeworth come! AL-24

Give a Hawk a Bad Name

(Continued from page 39)

of public opinion can not be overestimated. It is a consuming force which politics, social life and the equanimity of the country must respect and bow to. Public opinion is leaning toward conservation. The killer of songbirds of this day and time is no longer disregarded or ignored, he is more than frowned upon, he is liable to censure from even school children themselves. It is well that this is so. But, in protecting the smaller birds, are we to lose sight of those avian benefactors of larger size? Those keepers of the woods and fields whose ceaseless war against the menace of the rat and insect, is incalculable in its efficacy?

It is small return indeed for such serv-

ice that the birds are shot anywhere and everywhere. Every plantation owner who does this is bound to suffer in a small way even as the State of Pennsylvania suffered in a large one. There can be no "perhaps" about it. With hawks and owls, the welfare of a place is assured; without them will come disruption and calamity. To prove this will be costly to anyone who attempts it, but to prove it will not be difficult.

Should any reader of these lines wish to aid the steadily growing cause of conservation in America, they could do no better than to speak a word in season for America's hawks and owls. May such be the aim of every one who loves the out-doors and its dwellers.

Is Your Boy Going to Fly?

(Continued from page 15)

of flying time learning to pilot the amphibians at Rockland. As a choice for flying I prefer over-water work. I spent many hours both flying and working on planes and motors but very little of it produced any revenue. I'll tell you later what my aerial education has cost dad to date.

It was on October 12, 1930, that I decided to have a try at the junior transcontinental record. Through Captain Wincapaw I rented a 300 H. P. Cessna. As I stated before I had never been more than twenty miles inland in my life. The next two weeks I studied harder than I ever had before in my life. I had full confidence in my ability to navigate but geography was not one of my strong points. Between helping tune up my machine and preparing maps for my elected course I was a busy young man. I had hoped to take my pal along with me but under the rules for the junior flying championship it was necessary to fly solo.

I took off on October 26th. I didn't get my first real scare until after I was safe on the ground in Detroit. I had taken off from Buffalo that morning with pretty poor visibility. My compass held true flying over Lake Ontario but as I approached Windsor, opposite Detroit, a nasty fog and rain closed in on me. I had a good glimpse of the international bridge and took my course for the airport from that. A thick bank of fog destroyed all visibility ahead. I flew into it as I passed over the river. That fog was what the natives of Rockland call a pea-souper. At times I could hardly see the propeller—on either side and behind me was nothing. I had been forced down low because of the poor visibility. Now, flying blind, I knew I was over the business district of the city and at once my compass went hay-wire. The steel framework in skyscrapers will do that.

Suddenly a bright red light pierced the gloom not fifty feet to my right. I sure

yanked back on the stick. I was below the top of the building from which it flashed and there might be other towers as tall or taller.

As soon as I got a few hundred feet more altitude as a margin of safety I flew by instinct until I felt I was beyond the tall buildings. Then I nosed down low again, seeking a building marker that would point towards the airport. With luck I located one and a few minutes later dimly made out the concrete runways of the field below. I had the wind up in those last few minutes and now I circled the airport several times before going in to land. As I taxied up to the hangar line someone switched on the field lights and at once I got my first thrill. Looming alongside was a gas tank that looked at least a thousand feet tall. I don't know how many times my wing tips must have dusted it as I circled above in the fog. I forgot my shakiness in the welcome I received by the airport officials.

But that night I got my second scare. I had been taken in town to see the city. My guide pointed up from the sidewalk to a red light atop the Book Tower. It looked familiar. Then I caught my breath. Across the street was another skyscraper, apparently equally tall. I had flown between those two buildings blind at a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour! My friend told me that I went white as I stared. But he also said he didn't blame me when I told him how close I had come to ending my race in a crash with one of those skyscrapers.

A few days after that I was leaving Guymon, Oklahoma, at daybreak expecting to arrive at Santa Fe, New Mexico, a few hours later. A strong head-wind prevailed below and I climbed to twelve thousand feet to minimize the resistance. Visibility was poor and before I knew it I had either passed over or missed Santa

Fe entirely. Before I realized my mistake I was confronted by a high range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Up I went and over them, expecting to find Santa Fe on the opposite side. But I was disappointed—not a sign of a settlement, railroad, or even a trail could I find. I knew then I had made a mistake and I started to hurdle back to the safe side of the mountains. But as I looked at my fuel gauge I knew it couldn't be done. Worse yet, another ragged line of lofty peaks barred my way to the west. There was nothing to do but find a landing place if I could and replenish my tank from a reserve supply I did have the foresight to carry in cans inside the cabin.

With my fuel supply rapidly vanishing I searched the deserted canyon for a place to sit down. At last I found a spot that looked fairly smooth and headed for it. The floor of the canyon was nine thousand feet above sea-level. In such rarified air there is little buoyancy. It is necessary to land at high speed to avoid possibility of a crash. My normal landing speed was fifty-five miles. I came in at ninety, and as I neared the ground it didn't look anywhere near as smooth as it had from above. But it was do or die. I never bounced once, as I would have at a low altitude. The machine tore across the rough ground in a series of jolts that I thought would make me lose all my teeth. The landing gear groaned under the punishment it took; a rock tore off my tail-wheel. But I finally rolled to a stop right side up.

Thankfully I climbed out of my cabin into a temperature that seemed to be 110. What a desolate spot it was! There was not a sign of human habitation, or for that matter of any animal life. When I cut my motor the silence was so oppressive that it was ominous. For a minute I had that same all-gone feeling that had hit me in Detroit. The chances were ten to one against taking off again in that rarefied atmosphere. But I also knew that I shouldn't think about that. Thinking about things that look hopeless doesn't get you anywhere in the flying game. So instead I got busy and filled my almost empty gas tank. Then I cranked up and taxied to the approximate spot where my wheels had first touched when I landed.

There was no wind to head into to help with the lift. I knew I would have to have my throttle wide open to get flying speed in the thin air. Also, I knew that the roughness of the ground would interfere with my gaining the necessary speed. But one thing was in my favor—the ground sloped slightly in the direction in which I was headed.

Just to hear my own voice I yelled "Let's go!" and opened the throttle and lifted the tail. Off we started, bumping over the rocky canyon floor. I never want to go through such an experience again. With my air-speed indicator at fifty miles the ship was like a stone. At sixty it was no better. I had bumped at increasing speed for half a mile before I reached seventy miles. I tried to yank her up—for (Continued on page 42)

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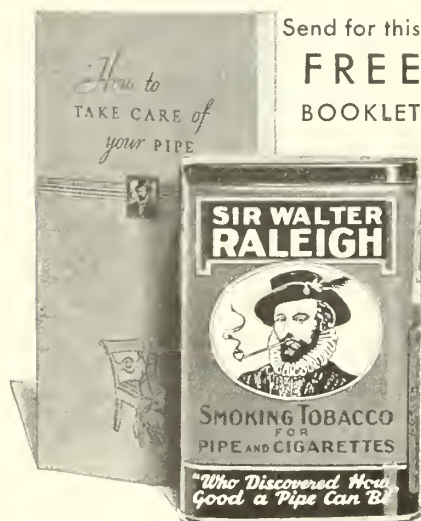
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Is Your Boy Going to Fly?

(Continued from page 41)

a split second I thought I was off. But no—a ridge in the ground had sent us into the air and now down she smacked. The right wheel fell into a hole. The ship tilted sharply. The wing brushed the ground. I started a ground loop as the propeller seemed to dive for the rock-strewn earth.

A lot of thoughts crowded into my brain in that moment. I thought of Captain Wincapaw, who had helped me so much, and I knew he'd feel badly. I thought of my father and mother in Lexington because I knew that if I was injured I'd be dead and shriveled up before they found me—if ever—and the suspense would be awful for them. I had only a gallon of water and three bars of sweet chocolate with me. Even if I got out unscathed I doubted that I could find my way back to civilization before I died of thirst and starvation. I knew nothing of mountains and deserts. All I knew was the New England coast. I wished I was back there.

But at the same time that these thoughts were flashing through my head a commanding voice was yelling at me, "Kick that left rudder! Kick it now, you damn fool! Left rudder!"

I kicked the left rudder as directed. The wheel jerked out of the hole, the wings leveled, and I was in the air! I was breathing hard, you bet. And a little trembly. But those things don't last in the air game. When I landed at Santa Fe some time later I was telling myself that I was a darn good pilot and if I got out of that hole I could get out of any. Maybe!

My third thrill came on the return journey, the hop from Yuma to Phoenix, Arizona. It was late in the afternoon when I took off and under normal conditions I should have arrived at my destination before dark. But at once I ran into a couple of thunderstorms. It was uncanny the way those things seemed to be chasing me. The lightning was crackling on my wing tips, it seemed. I ran away from the first storm only to have a second come growling and spitting golden shafts right behind me. I flew all over the heavens dodging it and succeeded in keeping a safe distance away, but at the cost of much time and fuel. Night had fallen and I again saw my fuel gauge at low ebb. For half an hour I saw only the black threads of the railroad tracks I was following. I figured I had twenty minutes more of flying—and then? It's a depressing feeling to be safe and serene upstairs with your motor humming nicely and know that in a given time you will have to bail out in your parachute—to what and where? To attempt a landing in the blackness below seemed futile. But I had to do something. Suddenly I saw the lights of a village ahead, and better yet, the twin eyes of several automobiles along a highway. The latter meant a road. I would use that for a landing field. But fifty feet above I suddenly zoomed up. Loom-

ing faintly in the gloom I had made out two lines of poles and wires on either side of the highway. I would surely catch on one wing, if not on both. As I pulled up, though, I saw something else—a filling station. Its lights revealed another road leading into the main artery. Down I went for a perfect three-point landing. When I rolled to a stop I turned around and parked my plane for the night behind the filling station. I again complimented myself as a first-rate pilot as I picked my way to the hotel in the village. In the light of morning, however, I changed that term first-rate to plain-lucky. The side-road led to a gravel pit. Had I rolled twenty-five feet further from where I stopped the night before I would have plunged straight down for fifty feet to the bottom of the pit.

That was my last thrill until I landed back at Rockland on November 6th, where the whole city turned out to welcome me. I have received a great many souvenirs, silver cups, lighters and such-like, but I think, aside from the sentiment that I know goes with those trophies, I liked best my license as a transport pilot which was given to me on November 10th.

I said I would tell you what my flying education has cost dad to date. It is five thousand dollars, and that sum does not represent any ownership in a plane. That is the equivalent of the cost of a college education with reasonable economy, except that I have completed my education in less than a year where otherwise I would now have three or more years of study ahead of me. Next spring I have been promised a job with base pay of \$75 a week. In addition I will be paid mileage. One pilot at the Rockland base last summer earned \$250 a week for several weeks. I don't expect to earn that much at the start but even at base pay figures I don't think that so many college graduates could earn as much as soon as they receive their sheepskins. And besides I will be doing work that I really love to do. That's important. It is probably also fair to point out that there are twice as many licensed pilots in all classes as there are licensed planes in the United States today—and that many first-class transport pilots are out of jobs. But that will adjust itself in time. There is always a demand for good men in normal times.

I have taken both father and mother up for rides and I think mother now enjoys flying more than dad. I don't think either of them will ever be real air fans, however.

Also, I want to state my belief that it need not cost any American Legion father what it has cost my dad to have a pilot in the family. I think the cheapest and best way to train pilots is to have them organize in groups of three. I don't approve of flying clubs because too many members are using the same plane, and with many students just learning, the

plane is too often being repaired. If three boys get together they may buy a course that will qualify them as private pilots for somewhere between \$400 and \$600. That is in a recognized school run under Department of Commerce regulations—the only safe school. Upon graduation they may purchase a light plane together for about \$1,500—under present conditions for even less. The investment for each boy's father is therefore only \$1,000 for instruction and plane. Owning their own plane, the boys can build up enough flying time to qualify in turn for limited commercial and transport licenses.

I don't think every boy should be allowed to fly. Naturally I am prejudiced in favor of the boy with mechanical leanings. Maybe their own fathers are best qualified to judge whether their sons have the temperament and aptitude to become airmen.

One thing I am convinced of and that is that private pilots should not be allowed to take up passengers. They cannot take up passengers for hire until they hold limited commercial licenses and the same regulations should apply—even if friends are willing to take the risk of flying with a neophyte. Too many lives are lost and aviation receives too much bad publicity as the result of crashes by comparatively green pilots.

I believe in the future of aviation, but I do not share the visions of those enthusiasts who see airplanes crowding the heavens tomorrow as automobiles crowd the highways today. Such a scheme of things is twenty-five years if not fifty years in the future, if then.

I pin my faith on the conventional design of the airplane as we know it today, plus certain refinements that will come gradually, and the perfection of weather safeguards such as radio direction. The helicopter and the auto-gyro are not efficient air vehicles, in my opinion. The airplane may adapt some of their advantages, but the efficiency which must make flying commercially profitable is not in them today.

Aviation's immediate future, as I see it, is in air transportation. The big transport companies are enjoying increasing traffic despite dull business conditions. Air mail continues to grow in volume as it establishes greater reliability of schedule. Trans-oceanic flying is on the threshold of new developments. In Rockland, Maine, we have demonstrated the financial success of an all-year-round service from the mainland to islands twelve miles off shore. We enjoy capacity business through the year on a twice-daily schedule at a cost of little more than half as much again as the steamboat rates, but at the saving of several hours. We have never had a fatality and our patrons are the natives—normal American folk. I see a great future for similar service to remote communities along our seaboard.

I think more individuals could be interested in flying, both as passengers and pilots, if more complimentary flights were given the public by well-conducted avi- (Continued on page 44)

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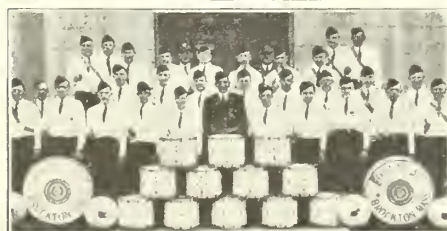
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Is Your Boy Going to Fly?

(Continued from page 43)

ation organizations. That is not the viewpoint of the aviation executive who is primarily interested in showing dividends immediately. But automobiling was not popularized by charging the passenger for a demonstration ride. I think the same thing holds true for aviation.

I have observed that much depends on the individual air-executive in selling flying to the public. The man who sits behind his mahogany desk directing his field force by memoranda and appealing to the public to fly through the written word doesn't get very far. The executive who spends his hours at the field in the hangar with the personnel, who can present aviation in a speech without getting fantastic over the future,

who is willing to sell flying to individuals by personal solicitation, working sixteen hours a day, is the type who is needed. I hope I'll prove to be that type.

I do not expect to try for any more flying records in the near future. The fact that you hold a record which tomorrow may be broken does not in itself make one an authority on a subject. All that I hope for myself is to be a good pilot and, if I have the ability, eventually to become an executive. And I hope that if the readers of this article have sons who want to get into the aviation game they will encourage them to do so—if what I have written presents flying in the honest light in which I have tried to set it down.

The Lady from Arizona

(Continued from page 29)

life in the West and among his friends was Charles Curtis, destined later to become Vice President of the United States. Other influential personages in national life counted him as a close friend. His daughter still accompanied him on his speaking trips, a custom she was to continue for many years. Mrs. Hoyal cherishes the recollections of these trips along with those of the memorable pilgrimage she made with her father to the Republican National Convention in 1908.

Kansas was one of the first States to give women the right to vote, and Charles Clark Evans's daughter spent busy weeks explaining to women's clubs and other gatherings of the newly enfranchised voters the proper way to mark ballots.

The ability which enabled Wilma Evans to complete her grade and high school courses in three years less than the average period early won for her distinction in the social life of her town. The large home of the Evanses in Colby was constantly the scene of social activity. Old friends of the family say that Wilma Evans derived from her mother social charm and social graces, even if her organizing ability and directing force did come to her from her father and grandfather. Her widowed mother, now living in Honolulu, where she can make airplane trips to visit another daughter living on a plantation at Hilo, would probably confirm this. It is true in any event that Wilma Dette Evans first gained her interest in women's work by attending with her mother the many meetings of women's clubs which were held in Colby.

Miss Evans's first executive association with the masculine sex was in teaching a Sunday-school class of boys of her own age—fourteen years—in the Presbyterian Church, the church of her father and her mother. She was also the star of dra-

matic entertainments and a leader of many organizations of her schoolmates. She maintained her leadership when she became a student at the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, where her brother, William K. Evans, had been a star fullback. In this school she excelled in dramatic, athletic and social activities while acquiring scholastic honors, and was graduated while still under nineteen years of age.

After her graduation Miss Evans became a teacher of domestic science in the high schools of Houston, Texas. From Houston she went to Oklahoma as an instructor in homemaking of the Government Indian Service. For several years she supervised courses among the five civilized tribes. Her pupils learned rapidly—not only cooking and sewing and the other household arts but also the game of indoor baseball. On one occasion Miss Evans took five of her wards to a Y. W. C. A. conference in Kansas City. A little boy who had begged to see the Indian maidens, expecting to find them wearing feathered head-dress, blankets and moccasins, burst into tears when he found they were counterparts of other school girls except in the color of their skin.

Wilma Evans, after two years in Oklahoma, journeyed to Raton, New Mexico, to take charge of the domestic science department of the city schools. Here she coached girls' basketball teams and directed the staging of school plays.

Events moved rapidly in 1917. In April the United States entered the World War. In Douglas, Arizona, a young jeweler, making plans for enlarging his business career, gave up those plans and went to El Paso, Texas, several hundred miles away, to enlist in the aviation service. He was Robert L. Hoyal. He had first met Wilma Dette Evans when she was visiting in Goodland, Kansas, in 1911. Mr. Hoyal spent a training period

at Kelly Field at San Antonio and then moved to the aviation center at Hazelhurst, Long Island. He was granted a furlough just before the time set for his sailing overseas. He sent a telegram to Wilma Evans and took a train for Chicago. They were married in the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Five days after the wedding Robert Hoyal was on the Atlantic Ocean.

Mrs. Hoyal entered the service of the United States Department of Agriculture as a food expert and was assigned to direct food production and conservation in the Southwest. She traveled day after day, establishing garden clubs and cooking schools and lecturing to organizations of all sorts. In one month she drove her automobile five thousand miles through the deserts and mountains of New Mexico, braving blizzards in the high places and sandstorms in the flat country. Adventures became commonplace. As a part of her activities she worked in Liberty Loan campaigns all through New Mexico.

When Mr. Hoyal returned from overseas in 1919 he became associated with a jewelry store at Sherman, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyal spent a year in Sherman before going to Douglas, Arizona, where developments enabled them to become owners of the only jewelry store in this city of 18,000. Time has proved the wisdom of their judgment. The business has grown and prospered. It is a corporation, with Mr. Hoyal president and Mrs. Hoyal secretary and treasurer.

Douglas, in the southeast corner of Arizona, lies squarely against a barbed wire fence which marks the border between the United States and Mexico. On the southern side of that fence is the Mexican town of Agua Prieta, with its Club Sociale, beautiful with its walls and towers of the Spanish mission period, a center of American social activities and international gatherings. Distinguished guests come frequently to Douglas and its country-famed tourists' hotel.

Dancing, bridge and golf are Mrs. Hoyal's diversions—these and books. She plays both bridge and golf with her husband as her partner, and Douglas recognizes her achievements in each game. She has been woman champion in golf several years. She holds the country club course record of 81.

Mrs. Hoyal was State President of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs two years. Under her direction, the clubs established scholarship funds which enabled girls to attend college. The Douglas club has provided eight scholarships and four of the scholarship holders are in school now. This accomplishment has been carried out by a club with fewer than fifty members. The club obtains money for its fund by giving annually a home-talent play in which Mrs. Hoyal often takes a leading role.

As National Vice President of the Auxiliary in 1928 Mrs. Hoyal traveled 50,000 miles and used airplanes whenever possible. Her interest in aviation was confirmed in her home city a few months ago when Uncle Sam was trying to select a name for one of the planes on the new postal air line between Atlanta and Los Angeles. (Continued on page 46)

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The Lady from Arizona

(Continued from page 45)

The mail planes on the new route stop at three cities in Arizona—Douglas, Tucson and Phoenix—and Douglas is much smaller than the other two. It was announced that a plane would be named after the city having the highest poundage of airmail in a given period. Mrs. Hoyal rallied the Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Douglas and called upon other citizens to help in the big airmail campaign. Douglas won the contest, and one of the bright new planes that now stop at the city's airport—which straddles the border, incidentally—bears upon its sides the name, "City of Douglas." Numerous air derbies include Douglas as a stopping point and the city promises to be an air metropolis of the future.

Douglas is rightfully proud of its climate. The year-round equable temperature and dryness of the atmosphere bring tourists in large numbers. The city is located on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway and Federal Highway 80 which runs from coast to coast. The city is level, with mountains round about. The streets are unusually wide, all paved and well lighted. Just west of the city's center rise the eight towering smokestacks of the industries which in 1928 had a combined output of 271,400,000 pounds of copper, 14,500,000 pounds of lead, 5,970,118 ounces of silver and 105,641 ounces of gold.

Arizona is the fifth largest State in area, and Douglas, in the southeastern corner of the State, is far indeed from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in the State's northwest, the region best known to the rest of the country. In a State of Arizona's magnitude, Mrs. Robert L. Hoyal has traveled an incredible number of hours in her visits to Legion posts and Auxiliary units. She has always recognized that the Legion and Auxiliary are inseparable and that work for either is work for both. The Arizona Department convention of the Legion at Yuma in 1924 adopted a resolution authorizing

her to make a speaking tour to include all the posts and units in the State. Later the Department Executive Committee voted that she should have a place on the committee as representative of the Auxiliary, an unusual honor which was eloquent of the regard in which she was held. She has held all of the higher offices in the Auxiliary in her State, including that of Department President. She helped organize the Auxiliary unit of Fred T. Hilburn Post in Douglas in 1920, was elected the unit's first President and directed arrangements of the department convention held in Douglas that year.

Mrs. Hoyal's efforts for public welfare include service as a member of the board of directors of the Y. W. C. A. She helped obtain the establishment of a community camp in the picturesque and rugged Chiricahua Mountains. She also helped induce the city council to provide paid instructors for the city playgrounds. Services such as these have inspired efforts to induce her to run for mayor—twice she has been nominated for this office by well-wishers who wrote in her name on official ballots but she declined to run on both occasions. In 1928 as a presidential elector she carried to Washington Arizona's electoral vote for President.

When the Arizona Department presented Mrs. Hoyal as a candidate for National President it offered an official statement which characterized her as "honest, sincere, democratic and energetic, admired and respected in her community and State," and said further: "Mrs. Hoyal has a keen mind and a charming personality, is a woman of poise, a splendid presiding officer, efficient in anything she undertakes, a business woman with vision and the power of transmitting her enthusiasm and ideals of service to others through her unusual ability as a public speaker."

This seems to sum up without exaggeration the qualities which have been outstanding in her career.

Hostages to Fortune

(Continued from page 13)

Gus, "an' your proposition is hereby accepted. I'll make a drawin' of it an' write a description of it for the patent office."

Well, I'll be shot if Gus didn't, Hetty puts up the patent fees an' in due course she gets a patent. Then they hire a lawyer to draw up articles of co-partnership, pool their capital an' start an advertisin' campaign. Hetty, she drives around the country in a buckboard, pastin' big handbills on the trees an' fences, while Gus labors in the factory gettin' out a single-tree an' a set o' patent breechin'.

Of course you don't remember much of the days when we didn't have automobiles, but I do, an' folks in them days

took more pride in a good horse an' buggy than they do now in cheap cars. Then, too, everybody who drove a horse, even a horse he trusted, was never quite free from the feelin' that after all, a horse is a horse an' can only think of one thing at a time; given the right excuse the most trusted Dobbin in the world will go crazy an' dash a buggy to pieces, spill his master and injure him. Consequently, when the people of that country commenced readin' the advertisin' Hetty plasters over all out-doors, they take the news seriously. In particular they're interested in the grand free demonstration of this marvelous development of the age, which same is billed to take place in

Gilroy the following Saturday. The folks from the surrounding farms was accustomed to drive to town on Saturday, do their shopping, swap gossip an' stand around in the main street. Knowing this, Hetty plans to attract a crowd of horse users, come tearin' down the street behind a runaway horse, slip the horse out of the shafts an', as the terrorized brute races on, set there in the buggy, calmly smilin' an' provin', beyond doubt or cabal, that the Beamer-Amherst Patent Single-tree and Breechin' is the one certain, sure cure for bodily injuries being inflicted on trustin' horse users all over the U. S. A.

The people were curious. In them days folks didn't have much to amuse them an' had to rely a lot on conversation. The only real excitement they ever had was a runaway or a fist fight, so when they read the advertisement of a runaway, purposely staged down the main street of town, with a guarantee of no accidents, they come from far an' near to enjoy the spectacle.

"All we got to do, Gus," says Hetty, "is to demonstrate the goods an' then start takin' orders."

"I've figgered on that, Hetty. You want me to do the demonstratin' while you take the orders, or vice versa?"

"Vice versa. It'll add a heap more interest to our grand free demonstration if a woman rides in the runaway buggy. So you get yourself up an order book, Gus, an' as soon as the demonstration is over start circulatin' through the crowd takin' orders. I'll set in the buggy an' take some, too."

"Got my order book all ready, Hetty. Carbon copy for the customer, original to go to the factory an' the second carbon to remain on file in case of argument later."

All of which, being prior to the days of modern efficiency, certainly brands Gus as an up-an'-comin' young feller. At the time I'm wandering through the Santa Clara, buying feeder cattle and in the course o' my travels the advertising placards of Gus an' Hetty catch my eye an' sort o' start the leaves o' memory rustling. The combination o' them two names was hard to forget, seein' as how I'd been pall-bearers at the funerals o' twelve o' 'em, in consequence o' which the day before the demonstration I get curious as a pet fox an' drop around at the single-tree factory to verify my suspicions.

Both pardners greet me with acclaim, as the feller says, explain their proposition an' talk hard to get me to back the enterprise, which is sure to get off to a runnin' start, followin' the grand free demonstration. I beg to be excused.

"Gus," I says, when I could get him off to one side, "is this here feud sunk forever?"

"Sure," says Gus.

"Is there any sentiment mixed up in this here single-tree business?"

"Nary speck. Straight business with both of us. Me, I'm not the marryin' kind," says Gus. "Marriage an' family cares is sure death to the creative mind, an' as the feller says, I ain't figurin' on givin' no hostages to fortune."

"All right, (Continued on page 48)



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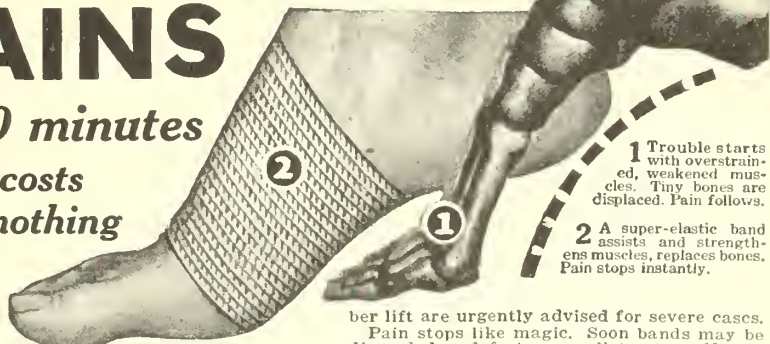
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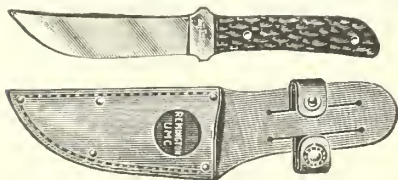
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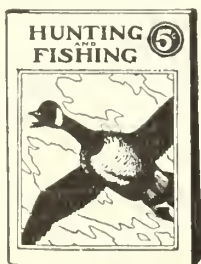
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Hostages to Fortune

(Continued from page 47)

Gus,” I says, “but you be mighty careful or Hetty’ll hand you a hostage first thing you know.”

However, son, in spite of everything I could do to avoid it, I’m swindled into advancing them two naturals thirty-five dollars to buy an old buggy for demonstration purposes an’ two an’ a half more for the rental of a local horse that’ll run away at a drop o’ the hat an’ has worked up such a reputation for mendacity that nobody but a fool would consider payin’ two and a half for him outright. He’s a horse that’s meek enough startin’ out, but he keeps his eye peeled for an excuse to bolt, an’ the second he sees it he’s off.

Well, as I say, this grand free public demonstration is scheduled for noon down the main street of Gilroy, which said street is merely the continuation of the country road. It’s six inches deep in dust, with a few chuck-holes, but by an’ large it’s smooth enough to guarantee a good clean runaway an’ no upsets prior to the critical point in the demonstration, which is where the horse parts from the buggy an’ Hetty jammin’ on the brake, stands up wavin’ the American flag an’ yellin’ “Eureka,” which means “I have found it.”

At the appointed hour there’s a thousand people lining both board sidewalks. Gus Beamer appears, with a sample single-tree an’ breechin’ under one arm, an order book under the other an’ a lead pencil stuck back of his ear. He mounts a barrel in the middle o’ the street, claims the attention o’ the multitude an’ gives a brief snappy lecture on the merits of his enterprise. At the conclusion of his remarks Hetty, which she’s all dressed up like a June bride, drives slowly down the street to the startin’ point of the runaway. Her horse is caparisoned with a white silken fly-nettin’ an’ has a red, white an’ blue cockade stickin’ up between his mean little ears. He has red, white an’ blue ribbons in his mane an’ tail an’ the spokes o’ the buggy wheels are trimmed with red, white an’ blue paper pants, like a lamb chop in a restaurant. Hetty sure looks majestic as she drives past at a walk, settin’ straight up, whip in hand an’ a sixshooter loaded with blanks on the seat beside her.

At the south end o’ town Hetty turns her noble steed back the way she’s come, Gus gets his barrel out o’ the way an’ all eyes are turned toward the fearless Hetty. She clucks her horse into a trot; then picks up her gun an’ commences bangin’ away into the air—an’ the grand free demonstration is most certainly on. All this here horse requires is half an excuse, an’ here’s Hetty furnishin’ him with six full grown ones he’s never met before. Also, havin’ emptied her pistol, Hetty lays on the whip.

A cheer goes up from the crowd, which then settles into absolute silence as a cloud of dust comes down the street. From the heart of it we catch glimpses of four twinklin’ legs an’ flashes o’ the national colors, while towerin’ majestic over the lot sits Hetty, calm an’ upright,

her white dress rapidly turnin’ gray, her whip cuttin’ her fiery steed at every jump, the buggy leapin’ high in air as it strikes the chuckholes, swervin’ madly from side to side but still, the Lord bein’ good an’ the devil not half bad, remainin’ on all fours until Hetty’s opposite the post-office, where the crowd’s thickest. Then, with a shrill feminine shriek of “Alley Opp!” Hetty slips the patent single-tree, an’ for a split second thrills to the mighty shouts of approval as that crazy cayuse slides gracefully out of the shafts an’ disappears in a generally northern direction, goin’ high, wide an’ handsome an’ tryin’ to kick off the danglein’ patent breechin’ straps.

As the medical fraternity are fond of sayin’, the operation was an unqualified success but the patient failed to rally. That patent single-tree an’ breechin’ certainly lived up to their advertisin’; in fact the most destructive critic in the Santa Clara, Jake Butts, admitted that. But what the inventors failed to take into consideration when stagin’ their demonstration was a few natural laws connected with gravity, the force of inertia an’ what-not. As the horse slides away from the buggy an’ Hetty puts on the brake, the shafts, for some reason not clear to the inventors, refused to remain in a horizontal position. With the horse an’ the shaft loops gone, there wasn’t no vital reason why they should—so they just naturally dropped to the ground, the ends lit in a chuckhole an’, as the buggy was still undecided about yieldin’ to the brake, it bein’ Hetty’s idea to slack up gradually, both shafts buckled an’ busted, the buggy stopped dead an’ turned over twice.

Hetty flew out o’ that buggy like a turkey-buzzard takin’ off a fence. As she lit on her face in the dust, the buggy came down on top of her for the first turn an’, continuin’ on to the second left Hetty lyin’ still an’ white under the vulgar gaze o’ the curious. Gus Beamer was the first to reach her; I’m the second.

“Oh, my poor pardner,” sobs Gus. “I wonder if she’s dead.”

Well, we carry her into the drug store an’ a doctor is summoned. Hetty’s conscious but she ain’t got nothin’ to say, speech havin’ been sort o’ jarred out of her, so to speak. But there’s a far-away look in her eyes which convinces me Hetty’s doin’ a little more thinkin’ than usual, an’ when the doctor finally announces a broken ankle, a missin’ front tooth, shock, scratches an’ abrasions but no immediate danger o’ death I fancy I can see in Hetty’s black orbs a gleam of triumph.

In the back room, where the crowd can’t follow, the doctor sets Hetty’s broken ankle. Meanwhile, Gus Beamer, bein’ every inch a business man, has remembered the main purpose of the meetin’ an’ is out minglin’ with the crowd, tryin’ to solicit orders. Instead of orders he gets just what I knew he’d get after the grand free demonstration,

to wit, the horse laugh. The way them citizens sprayed Gus Beamer with rude bucolic humor was somethin' scandalous, an' after havin' their little fun they climb into their spring wagons an' buggies an' drive home, still chucklin'. As for me, I advance the co-partnership five dollars to pay the doctor for patchin' up Hetty, an' another dollar to a Mexican to drag the wreck of the buggy off the main street where it's obstructin' traffic.

Gus is a heap down-hearted at his failure, so naturally he looks for an excuse to place the blame; Hetty, bein' handiest, an' equally concerned with him in the failure of the patents, he promptly jumps her. "Which I can't think of everything," he growls. "It serves you right for dollin' yourself up an' makin' a grand-stand play that-a-way in the public eye. Hetty, you got this here yearnin' for public adulation, which is ever the undoin' of weak-minded people."

"You low-flung son of a murderer," yells Hetty, "what do you think I am? A professional inventor like you? I give you one bright idea, didn't I. Where'd you been without my patent breechin', you IT? Did you expect me to invent a patent shaft-liftin' or shaft-holdin' apparatus too, for a half interest?"

"If you'd let me put on the runaway as I suggested, most likely I'd have thought about the shafts droppin', an' as a result I wouldn't have put on the brake. You braked with the brake at a time when you were brakin' with the shafts—"

"Shut up," says Hetty.

"You shut up your own self," Gus barks back—and the Beamer-Amherst feud is on again.

Well, son, it's maybe five years before I find myself in the Santa Clara again, so, in the gratification of my idle curiosity, I look up Gus Beamer. Fortune's favored Gus. He's still the chief hostler but he's been promoted from the night shift to the day shift.

"Been inventin' anything lately, Augustus," I asked him mildly, an' he reaches for a pitchfork. "If I didn't owe you thirty-seven dollars an' a half I'd stick you with this," he says real ominous, and at that moment a child looked in the livery stable door an' says: "Pa, ma says come home to lunch an' be quick."

"So you married Hetty," I says.

"Yep. Had to."

"How come you give hostages to fortune, Gus?"

"Well, for one thing, she had more money in our business when it went bust than I had; after breakin' her ankle at the grand free demonstration of the patent single-tree an' breechin', she claimed to be used up for life when it come to waitin' table. Her claimin' permanent disability an' allowin' she'd have to come on the county unless somethin' happened, I married her to avert bloodshed."

"Happy, Gus?"

"Well, feudin' a little now an' then," he admitted.

• Dad sipped at his final alfalfa cocktail. "Before I left town the last time I counted the harvest," he concluded. "Seven little fools! Carramba! What a life!"

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AGENTS

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Cuba

(Continued from page 19)

Spain raised the cost of living in Cuba. The Cuban revolution of 1895 was the natural result.

Whole library shelves have been filled with books written about the years immediately preceding the Spanish-American War, and about the military aspects of this war in Cuba. There is no need of going into the subject here. The Cubans had been fighting their war of independence since 1895. The United States declared war on Spain in April of 1898. The war was brought to a speedy conclusion within three and one-half months.

By the first protocol of peace, Spain relinquished all claim of sovereignty over or title to Cuba and immediately evacuated the island. This left the United States in possession of Cuba, which was completely disorganized. There was practically no government. Actual famine existed, people were starving to death. Pestilence, particularly yellow fever, was everywhere. These were the problems demanding first attention. The Army turned to and took care of them.

From 1898 until May 20, 1902, Cuba was governed by the military authorities of the United States. There was, of course, agitation in this country for the annexation of Cuba. There had, for that matter, been recurrent waves of sentiment for annexing Cuba to the United States since as early as 1823. In 1848 the United States opened negotiations with Spain for the purchase of Cuba, and these negotiations were actively pursued until 1861. Then our own Civil War diverted our attention from the Caribbean, and the sentiment for annexation died down.

For a great many years United States business men had been investing in Cuba. Americans who purchased sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, and the like had in Cuba agents through whom they advanced money to the planters. These loans, and outright investment, brought a number of very large Cuban sugar estates with their mills, private railroads, and so on, into American ownership, especially between 1883 and 1898. American steel manufacturers purchased the great Cuban deposits of iron ore. But Cuba was in no sense dominated economically by

the United States. British, German, French and Spanish all had important interests also.

Despite the fact that Congress had expressly disclaimed any disposition or intention to retain Cuba, and had asserted its determination to leave the government and control of the island to the Cubans as soon as pacification should be accomplished, a good many people in the United States expected us to annex Cuba after defeating Spain. We were already there, they asserted, so why should we get out? Even many of the Cubans secretly hoped that we would stay.

NOBLE BRANDON JUDAH's service in Cuba was from 1927 to 1929. He succeeded General Enoch Herbert Crowder, who had been in charge of the draft during the World War. Mr. Judah had something to do with the war, too, for he served in the A. E. F. as captain, major and lieutenant colonel with the 149th Field Artillery, and subsequently became assistant chief of staff of the 42d (Rainbow) Division. He received the D. S. M., Croix de Guerre with Palm, and Legion of Honor. Before the war he had served in the First Illinois Field Artillery, first as an enlisted man and finally on the Mexican border in 1916 as captain. Incidentally, he has established one record that few of his fellow citizens can equal. While he was Ambassador to Cuba he visited Fort Sheridan, near his home at Lake Forest, Illinois. Just a few years earlier he had served as a private there; on the occasion of his ceremonial visit, he rated—and got—a salute of nineteen guns, which is one gun less than the Vice President rates and one gun more than John J. Pershing ever rated as General of the Armies. And he admits that getting those nineteen guns at Fort Sheridan was about as much fun as anything that ever happened to him. Mr. Judah is a lawyer in Chicago, where he has practiced ever since 1907, with time out for public service. He is a trustee of Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1904. He belongs to Advertising Men's Post of The American Legion of Chicago.

The rest of the nations of the world were frankly amused by such a ridiculous idea as that the United States would ever give up Cuba. Such things were simply not done in world politics. Here was a valuable territory from which the United States had ejected the former owners. Altogether naturally, they reasoned, the United States would now take permanent possession.

Such reasoning would probably have applied to any other power at that time. But it did not apply to the United States. Instead, we kept our promise scrupulously. We held Cuba just long enough to clean up those conditions most urgently in need of attention: sanitation, schools, government. The Cubans were then urged to set up their own government. As soon as they had done so, we moved out. On May

20, 1902, the flag of the Republic of Cuba fluttered to the tops of the flagpoles throughout the island, and a new nation took its place among the powers.

One tie between the United States and Cuba is of an extraordinary sort in international relations. This is the so-called Platt Amendment, a set of eight clauses which were attached to an army appropriation bill in the United States Senate. These clauses were included in the constitution of the Republic of Cuba, not because the constitutional assembly wanted them but because the United States would not entrust the independence of the island to a government which would not make these engagements.

It had always been the position of our Government that it would under no circumstances permit any foreign power

other than Spain to acquire possession of the island. The Platt Amendment, subsequently incorporated in the Cuban constitution and in the Permanent Treaty between the United States and Cuba, set up those provisions which the United States Government felt necessary to assure these conditions.

To state its most important provisions in everyday language free from legal terminology, the Platt Amendment provides that the government of Cuba will never make any treaty which will impair Cuban independence, nor permit any foreign power as such to own any land on the island. The Cuban government may not contract any debt which its ordinary revenues are not sufficient to defray. The United States may intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence or to maintain adequate government. There are other provisions affecting sanitation and other subjects, but they are either obsolete or comparatively unimportant.

The reasons for the Platt Amendment are clear enough. The United States would be endangered by a foreign base on the island. So Cuba may not voluntarily yield its independence, nor permit any other power lodgment in any portion of the island. If the Cuban government were to incur debts which it could not pay, foreign bondholders might demand that their governments intervene; therefore such debts may not be incurred. If government broke down in Cuba and foreign lives and property were lost or endangered, under international law a nation might land troops to protect its national interests. Under the Platt Amendment, the United States has the responsibility for stepping in before such a condition could reach its climax in Cuba, and therefore we are enabled to forestall the need of any other power intervening.

For more than four years under its first president, Tomás Estrada Palma, Cuba had an excellent administration. But the next presidential election aroused charges of fraud and violence. The defeated party organized a revolution in August of 1906, and the next month—after every effort at less radical means of settlement had failed—the president with his entire cabinet resigned, and the United States intervened.

The republic did not thereby cease to exist. The heads of all government departments merely reported to the provisional governor, who at the outset was William Howard Taft, Secretary of War of the United States. Several thousand United States troops were landed and distributed throughout the island.

In about two weeks a new governor was appointed, Charles E. Magoon. He remained in charge until the end of the intervention, January 27, 1909. During this period, generally known as the second intervention, great progress was made. At the same time, some of the acts of the provisional government can very properly be criticized. But Magoon, and with him the entire American administration, maintained the peace, supervised two elections which were fairly conducted, and turned back the gov-

ernment to the Cubans in good working order.

It has remained in good working order ever since. There have been a few attempted revolutions, none of which has succeeded. This, however, is something to be expected in most Latin-American countries. If one party becomes convinced that it will not have a fair chance at the polls, its leaders are likely to advise their followers to abstain from voting—and then to organize a revolution. Such a revolt takes the place of what in this country would be a lawsuit contesting the result of the election.

But on the whole the Cubans have done incredibly well. They had been governed autocratically for three or four centuries. No tradition of self-government existed among them. Suddenly they found themselves a republic, with no experience in republican government. Yet, in less than thirty years, they have made real progress.

The Cuban government has not attained perfection. But if anyone wishes to find perfection under any form of government, I do not know where to direct him. Government and politics in Cuba are on quite as high a scale as they have been, for instance, under some of the administrations in my home State of Illinois, or in my home city of Chicago—or in New York State or New York City. The entire population of Cuba is not so large as that of the metropolitan district of Chicago, and the entire area is just about the same as the State of New York. Let me quote from Leland H. Jenks, who has written an excellent book about Cuba:

"Cuba has developed politically in the last twenty-five years. This is the foremost fact to be grasped by those who propose to treat of Cuban affairs. It outweighs the petty partisanship and vulgar self-seeking which have been so conspicuous in past Cuban administrations. . . . They have progressed farther toward a sense of nationhood than the United States was able to do in her first quarter century."

Financially, Cuba has had its ups and downs. They have coincided almost exactly with the ups and downs of the world sugar market. When sugar is high, Cuba is prosperous. When sugar drops, Cuban prosperity drops in sympathy. The height of Cuban prosperity—if a boom may be termed prosperity—came in 1920. Then raw sugar climbed from 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ cents a pound on February 18th, to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents three months later. Then it dropped down to 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ cents by December 13th.

The months before the price crash in 1920 are known as The Dance of the Millions. Everybody in Cuba who had anything to do with sugar—and this includes a majority of the population—had more money than he had ever seen before. When the crash came, it was so violent that many large banks failed, a moratorium had to be declared, and the whole country was in the depths.

Since 1920 there have been wide fluctuations in the price of sugar—and attempts to maintain the price at a level that would pay (Continued on page 52)



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Cuba

(Continued from page 51)

the growers a profit. But in general the drift has been downward, until as this is written Cuban raw sugar (duty not paid) can be purchased in New York harbor at 1¼ cents a pound, which is not only far below the cost of production but also is a record low price.

The reason is that other nations have been subsidizing and otherwise encouraging sugar beet industries within their borders. Consequently the world production of sugar is today excessive, and there is not a free world market. So Cuba, where sugar can be produced as economically as anywhere in the world, may have to curtail its sugar crops to save itself financially.

But this financial depression in Cuba cannot be more than temporary, however hard it may be to bear. The island's tremendous fertility, its extraordinarily favorable climate, its proximity to the American market—all of these may be depended upon to pull this neighbor nation from its financial difficulties. If Cuba cannot do it as a one-crop country—which it practically is—then certainly other crops will enable it to renew its prosperity.

Under the Permanent Treaty, imports from Cuba into the United States are entitled to a twenty percent reduction in duty, while imports from the United States into Cuba also receive preferential treatment. This relationship has made the United States Cuba's largest customer. Cuba stands second among all nations in value of its exports to the United States. Cuba is our sixth-best customer, our very best Latin-American customer. We lead the list of those who sell to Cuba.

American investments in Cuba are the largest group of foreign-owned properties. The largest sugar companies are either largely or wholly American-owned. In fact, the big business of the island is

largely American, although big business constitutes only a fraction of the total business.

You can readily see that the relationship between Cuba and the United States is extraordinarily close. The interests of the two nations are so closely interwoven that at a great many points they are identical. Thoughtful Cubans and Americans familiar with Cuba are agreed on this fact. Yet there has never been any attempt by the United States to profit at the expense of Cuba. From the first generous gesture of intervention for the cause of Cuban independence, down through the second intervention, the World War, and right up to the present, our country has stood to Cuba in an altruistic relationship unparalleled in international affairs.

Today, thirty-two years after our troops landed at Daiquiri, and twenty-eight years after the pacification was completed and the republic established, we may contemplate with well-earned satisfaction a job which has been well done and to the profit of both peoples concerned. On the island where autocracy was the rule for more than 300 years, democracy prevails. Where government had been chaotic for large parts of the last colonial century, today stands a government as efficient as many of our State governments. Where disease had ravaged the population, today we find yellow fever wiped out and other diseases under complete control.

Cuba has had its ups and downs. Presumably, like all the world, it will continue to have them. But of one thing we may be certain: Cuba will improve steadily and surely in government, in wealth, in health.

And in all modesty, we may as a nation take credit for making possible this substantial betterment in the fortunes of the youthful Republic just to the south.

Wigwag

(Continued from page 7)

to make conversation. "That's a nice name but she's a lot nicer girl."

"But it's not Defiore," corrected Dolores. "My name is really O'Grady, which is not pretty at all."

"That's better yet," insisted Bill. "But how come O'Grady? Aren't married, are you?" he asked anxiously.

"I should say not," laughed Dolores. "Mr. Defiore is my stepfather."

Entered, at this point, Mr. Defiore. Dolores was immediately whisked out of the room in tears. Bill protested violently. Mr. Defiore was polite but firm. He could not permit his daughter to have company. He had other plans for her. And to make matters worse Dolores did not appear at the window for two days after the visit.

Frantically Bill dug out his service

binoculars and carried them to work. Brazenly he focused them on Dolores's window. Dolores was standing in the center of the room and a couple of women were fussing around her. "Making her a dress," mused Bill. Finally the women left the room and Dolores sank into a chair and buried her head in her arms. Bill waved and shouted but she did not look up. He wondered if he could throw a stone that far, but he had no stone to throw; anyhow breaking a window wouldn't increase his popularity with old man Defiore.

The sun shining in his eyes gave him an idea. Stepping inside the building, he unscrewed an electric lamp from its socket. Taking the reflector in his hand he returned to the fire escape and flashed a light directly on Dolores's face. In a

moment the girl looked up and came to the window. Quickly Bill pulled out his handkerchiefs.

"You are crying," he wigwagged.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm not crying," she answered. "Please go away."

"You are crying," insisted Bill, "and I won't go away. I'm coming over."

"You mustn't," waved Dolores frantically. "You have caused me enough trouble already."

"How come?"

"Why, after your visit papa was furious and said I'd have to marry Tony at once. The wedding is tonight. Goodbye."

"Goodbye nothing," flashed Bill. "Do you love him?"

"Ye—" started the answer and Bill's heart sank. Then came a clear sign and a rapid "N-o."

"Where's your dad?"

"Down at the store."

"Then tell that dog of yours it's Friday and get ready to slip out," waved Bill. "I'm coming over."

Grasping hold of the guy wire, he swung himself over to the pole and slipped to the ground. His car was parked outside the plant and in a few moments he was in front of the Defiore home.

"Here to fix your phone," he announced to the woman who answered the door. Reassured by his climbers and the string

of tools about his waist, she led him to the phone and then went back to her duties in the kitchen. A moment later Dolores's startled face appeared over the top banister.

"Go out and get in my car," whispered Bill. "Never mind about clothes—we'll get them later."

Silently the girl slipped down the stairs. Whistling cheerfully, Bill unscrewed the phone from the wall and tucking it under his arm walked nonchalantly out the door. Even if the women did notice their escape they couldn't notify the old man in time for him to stop them.

They made a hurried trip to the court house and a justice of the peace performed the ceremony.

"Now what do we do?" asked Dolores.

"First," grinned Bill, "we'll take this telephone back to your old man and then I guess we'll take the train to Niag'ra Falls."

It wasn't until they were on the train that night that the thought struck Bill. "Say," he said, "where did you learn to wigwag?"

"Oh," she replied, "my little brother is a Boy Scout and he taught me so he could practise."

Bill put his arm around her waist.

"Well," he said, "he's sure done his good deed for today."

Then and Now

(Continued from page 34)

mementoes, the transcription is accurate and you can verify the same by writing to Mr. Owens, of this locality at present."

For those whose A. E. F. French may have become dulled in the intervening years, we might say that "Le Foyer du Soldat," on whose stationery Hutchinson wrote his letter, was the French poilu's equivalent of the Y. M. C. A. canteens for American soldiers.

ALTHOUGH the majority of outfit reunions are held during the summer and fall months, veterans' associations are meeting at all times of the year. Announcements of reunions and other activities, in order to appear in this column, must be received at least six weeks prior to the issue date of any particular number of the Monthly.

Following are the latest announcements of interest to veterans:

THIRD DIV., A. E. F.—National convention of Society of Third (Regular) Div., New York City, July 16th to 19th. Ed. Belvin, adjt., 230 Schenectady av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. of New York—Annual business meeting and reunion, May 9th. Carlton E. Dunn, secy., 57 E. 9th st., New York City.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Washington (D. C.) Post of the association has recently been organized. Former members, particularly of 110th F. A., address J. Fred Chase, pres., 1427 Eye st., N. W., Washington.

30TH DIV.—Former members having pictures or knowing of photographers who took pictures at Camp Sevier, training scenes, parades, homecoming, etc., report to E. A. Murphy, Lenanto, Ark., who is compiling complete history of division.

20TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Former members interested in association and reunion, address E. E. Wilson, comdr., 1934 23d st.-A, Moline, Ill.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership open to all former members of the division—a parent organization housing all unit Legion posts and associations. T. G. Townsend, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

U. S. S. South Dakota—Proposed reunion during Legion convention, Detroit, Sept. 21-24. Philip T. Wallace, 14 Edwin st., Brookline, Mass.

102d U. S. INF.—"Connecticut Fights—The Story of the 102d Regiment," will soon be ready for distribution. Official record, photographs, sketches, maps and roster. Five dollars. Daniel W. Strickland, ex-chaplain, 1112 Chapel st., New Haven, Conn.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—Twelfth annual reunion, Apr. 24-25, Fitchburg, Mass. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

308TH INF. POST, AMERICAN LEGION—Annual reunion and dinner, at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Mar. 10th. P. Brauneis, Jr., chairman, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

111TH INF., Co. B—To complete company roster, send name and address to John H. Shenkel, Room 314, Court House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

168TH INF., Co. F—Reunion Des Moines, Ia., Mar. 5th. Orville F. Wagaman, Villisca, Ia.

308TH INF., Co. D—Complete casualty list of company desired for company memorial tablet in 77th Division Clubhouse. Report to Bill Tighe, 541 Isham st., New York City.

326TH M. G. BN., Co. A—Former members interested in proposed reunion report to L. P. Phelps, Salem, Ill., or Edw. A. Miller, Centralia, Ill., who are compiling permanent roster of company.

328TH F. A.—Eighth annual reunion, Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, Mich., June 15-16. For information and to obtain copy of magazine, the *Red Guidon*, address L. J. Lynch, adjt., 209 Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

12TH F. A., BTRY. A—Names and addresses of all former members are wanted by L. R. Bennett, 35 Dayton st., New Haven, Conn., who is preparing an *Illustrated Roster* of the battery.

79TH F. A., MED. DET.—Former members are requested to write to Floyd O. Smith, Golden, Ill., who will publish all letters in 1931 bulletin to be sent to every man who reports. Also ex-members of other 79th F. A. and 21st Cav. units.

108TH F. A., BTRY. E—Proposed reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., in May. Harry A. Garvin, 1905 E. Allegheny av., Philadelphia, Pa.

136TH F. A., BTRY. B Third annual reunion, Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 9-11. J. M. Enright, 101 N. Haldy av., Columbus, Ohio.

339TH F. A., BTRY. (Continued on page 54)

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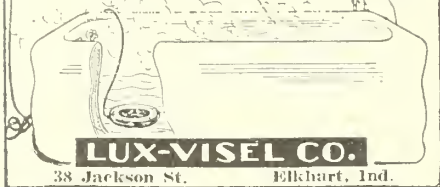
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Then and Now

(Continued from page 53)

D—Ex-members interested in proposed reunion write to Ross E. See, Osceola, Iowa.

FOURTH ENGRS., FOURTH DIV.—Fourth annual reunion, Vancouver, Wash., Mar. 14th. EX-4th Engrs. not receiving quarterly issues of the *Skirmisher*, write to W. B. Nagel, secy., 317 City Hall, Portland, Ore.

17TH ENGRS.—Central Ohio veterans have organized with headquarters at Columbus. Addresses of former members wanted by L. H. McReynolds, 359 Clinton st., Columbus, Ohio.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—Eleventh annual reunion, Detroit, Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. Frederick G. Webster, secy. and treas., 6819-A Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS.—Regular annual reunion and dinner, Mar. 14th, American House, Boston, Mass. Address Carlos D. Smith, The Hawthorne, Salem, Mass. A reunion will be held also in Detroit at time of Legion convention, Sept. 21-24, under direction of M. B. Doyle, 6-257 General Motors bldg., Detroit.

23D ENGRS. METROPOLITAN N. Y. Soc.—Reunion, Hotel Astor, New York City, Mar. 19-20, including official welcome, sightseeing trip on Macomb, banquet, etc. Doane Eaton, pres., 50 Morningside dr., New York City.

26TH ENGRS.—Members interested in veterans' association and proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Detroit, Sept. 21-24, address Ray Bielman, 8100 Gratiot av., or W. W. White, 14217 Forrer av., Detroit, Mich.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—Third annual reunion in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6th. George Rempie, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

38TH ENGRS., Co. B—Former members interested in proposed reunion, write to Wm. H. Detweiler, 627 N. 10th st., Allentown, Pa.

104TH ENGRS., Co. C—Addresses wanted for reunion purposes and issuing of company quarterly newspaper. Warren H. Vandegrift, secy., 126 City Hall, Trenton, N. J.

AMERICAN FIELD SERV.—Annual reunion and convention, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. All men who served with French Army, 1915-16 and '17, write to Albert E. Herrmann, natl. comdr., USAAC's, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

S. S. U. 567—Annual reunion, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Sgt. John Parcell, 1953 Rowan st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A. S.—Annual convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. All men who served with French, 1915-17, address Lyle C. Jordan, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

S. S. U. 650, PARIS HQ., AND S. S. U. 537—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Monticello, Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19. Al Herrmann, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

USAAC's—U. S. Army Amb. Serv. convention and reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. John H. Fetter, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Albany, N. Y., date to be announced later. Paul W. Stafstrom, P. O. Box 115, Oakville, Conn.

VETS. ASSOC. OF AIR SERV. MECH. REGTS.—Sixth annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 27-29. Thomas J. Leary, secy.-treas., 7141 Jeffery av., Chicago, Ill.

TANK CORPS, A. E. F.—Former members whose headquarters were at Bourg, France, interested in proposed veterans' association, address M. S. Saxc, 210 Maple pl., Cranford, N. J.

BASE HOSP., FT. SILL, OKLA.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, write to F. R. McCollough, Glasco, Kans.

U. S. S. Arcthusa—Former members interested in proposed letter-reunion, address A. B. Carpenter, 18 Woodlawn st., Springfield, Mass.

U. S. S. Ticonderoga—Proposed reunion of all Army and Navy survivors of battle with enemy submarine, Sept. 30, 1918. Frank L. Muller, 1227 Mountain View, San Fernando, Calif.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Reunion of members of former crew, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 21-24, in conjunction with Legion national convention. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 1506 State st., Racine, Wis.

DETENTION CAMP DET., FT. OGLETHORPE, GA.—Men interested in proposed reunion, address F. A. Duval, Ward 4, Army & Navy Hosp., Hot Springs, Ark.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Fund being raised for Marine Memorial, in form of water-supply windmill and powerhouse for Lucy-le-Bocage, France. Contributions from active and veteran Marines and their families may be sent to W. Karl Latons, Natl. Comdr., 108 Forest st., Worcester, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 3, AND FIELD HOSP. No. 112, Paris, France—Former personnel interested in reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention, Detroit, Sept. 21-24, address F. J. Maynard, 501 S. Warren st., Trenton, N. J.

THE COMPANY CLERK

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 25)

soldiers should not see Paris before they saw the trenches; but it was very much in the logic of propaganda that they might be seen by Paris. Paris celebrated our Independence Day with a battalion of our First Division marching through the streets, while the generals and statesmen called attention to the significance of the occasion. Republic in returning a martial call greeted republic with "Lafayette, we are here!"

The all-comprehensive phrase struck fire from the flint. Perhaps it served propaganda's purpose better than an inadvertency in the French Press Bureau put in the mouth of Pershing the words uttered by Paymaster Charles E. Stanton, of Pershing's Staff. The inspiration in soldierly directness of a soldier reporting for duty in the presence of the French dead at Picpus Cemetery, rewarded the eternal newspaper search for treasure with a jewel that set itself perfectly in the background.

The parading battalion of recruits, mixed with a stiffening of regulars, when it started for training camp in Lorraine must have much drill before it would be fit to meet the skillful, veteran enemy.

In the midst of the shouting in Paris, our staff at home and in France, in view of the long period of training and the limitations of transport, might foresee the day when the French public, so used to the swift mobilization of prepared armies over short distances, would be asking, "Are the Americans here as tourists or to fight?" and "Where are the thousands of airplanes America was going to send?"

However, French propaganda's answer to any repression in gilding expectations with the promise of immediate fulfillment was that in a period so barren of facts for a thrill, the thing was to make the most of the thrill of today, and leave the morrows to the morrows' destiny and devising. Perhaps Russia would come back, the British would take Ostend, the Italians reach Trieste, Austria-Hungary would capitulate, or there would be revolution in Germany. There were all kinds of possibilities. Any one of them could be exploited by the taking of a few thousands of prisoners, or a few thousand yards of trenches.

As the first entries in the new file at the War Department abundantly demonstrate, the American commander, fresh

from the Mexican sands, who was having gala performances of the opera in his honor and receiving the ingratiating attentions of the mighty, had good reason, as he learned his way about on new trails, to realize the genuineness of that welcome in the name of the security of Britain and France.

Mutiny in a number of French regiments after the failure of Nivelle's offensive had been kept secret by the French, even from their Allies, lest the disclosure reach the Russians and complete their demoralization, or discourage the Italians in their laborious offensive, or turn the British mind more exclusively to naval and military defense of the Channel ports, endangering the protection of the territory of France as a whole. With no hope of any further offensive during the summer of 1917 on the part of the French, except an earnest gesture for the sake of morale, the present rôle of Pétain, who had succeeded Nivelle, was recovery of the spirit of the French through personal appeal and the allowances of liberal leaves to the French soldiers to visit their homes.

In soldier to soldier candor Pershing's staff experts were learning from the experts at the front technical facts and truths for their guidance. Pétain actually saw danger of revolution in France, which would mean her military collapse. He thought the civil government was weak, and intimated to Pershing the importance of some action by President Wilson to strengthen it. But Ribot, who was then premier, held a cheerful view when war-statesmen were habituated to optimistic statements to keep up public confidence and maintain a cabinet in power.

Meanwhile, the group of experts at home who had worked out the plan of raising, forming and supplying the Army—Bliss and Scott, Crowder, the genius of the draft, and Colonel (later General) Francis E. Kernan, whose prescience had caused Pershing's orders from the War Department to carry the proviso that the American forces should be a separate entity in the battle line—awaited word from Pershing's group, as the scouts for the Army we were to send overseas, about the needs on the field of action which was the goal of all our training and preparation. We awaited the authoritative plan of victory when so many bizarre and contradictory plans by volunteer strategists and inventors added their sheaves to the documentary inundation of the Secretary's desk.

Landing our army in Holland, Denmark, or the Balkans, to strike the Turkish army in the rear or flank was among the less visionary, while the suggestion to send over local fire engines to wash the Germans out of the trenches, without, of course, considering the source of the water supply or what German shell-fire would do to the engines, or the personnel when laying the mains, had an arresting simplicity.

In a cablegram of July 6th, when he drew his first great draft on the bank of our national strength, Pershing said:

"Plans should contemplate sending over one million men by next May."

The War College's "A Proper Military

Policy for the United States," which had startled Congress and the Advisory Commission, and the War Department's insistence from the outset on a million no longer seemed visionary. By July 6th our first Liberty Loan had been floated, the draft men had been drawn, and the first officers' training camp was about to send out its graduates. We had 650,000 men in training, the cantonments were building, and, as soon as they were finished, we should have 1,300,000 in training, while the industrial leaders had already contracted for their supplies.

In a cablegram on July 30, 1917, Pershing said:

"Informal conference commanders-in-chief Allied armies held Paris July 26th, present Generals Robertson, Pétain, Foch, Cadorna, Pershing. Steps to be taken in case Russia is forced out of the war considered. Various movements of troops to and from different fronts necessary to meet possible peace contingencies discussed. Conference also weighed political, economic, and moral effect both upon Central and Allied Powers under most unfavorable aspect from the Allied point of view. General conclusions reached were necessity for adoption of purely defensive attitude on all secondary points and withdrawing surplus troops for duty on Western front. By their strengthening Western fronts believed Allies could hold until American forces arrive in sufficient numbers to gain ascendancy."

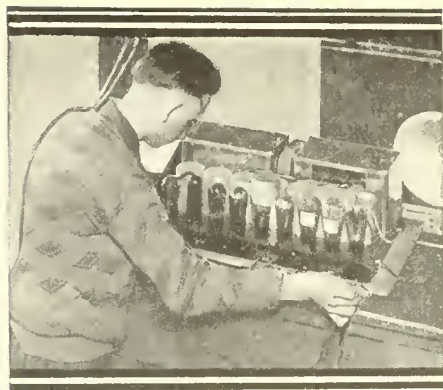
Even the military commanders did not give up the Russian hope. Russia's manpower held their imagination, no less than that of the statesmen, in a spell of wistful cupidity.

"However," Pershing said in the same cablegram, "consensus of opinion was that steps should be taken by Allies to determine the part to be played by America, England, and possibly Japan, to support Russia with a view to avoiding extreme eventualities"—with the shadow of Bolshevism, as yet vague to the world public, already over Russia and pointing toward the treaty of Brest-Litovsk in a separate peace with Germany.

And in a cablegram of August 9th (94-S), Pershing, in referring to a conference of Colonel Taylor with Allied railroad representatives and its concern with the serious condition of Russian railroads, said: "Conference strongly recommends that capable, strong, courageous man be selected and sent to Russia to take hold of railroad situation. He should have absolute authority and should have with him as many associates as he chooses to select." The British and French Foreign offices had already expressed the same view to Washington.

"Important that sufficient number of Russian divisions be held intact," Pershing continued on July 30th, "to offer some resistance against advance of Germans (this being made, as he was to learn later, at their will at any point in the line), and also stand ready to take the offensive and prevent Germans from materially reducing their army on the Eastern front. They (the Allied commanders) considered this point essential until we can take our place in the fighting line."

The Germans (Continued on page 56)



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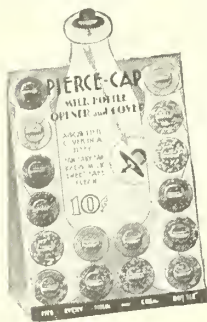
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

were to reduce their army on the Eastern front, but their aim was first to assist the Austrians in an offensive against Italy, and not go to the Western front, where the Allies still had a numerical superiority of some thirty per cent over the Germans, until after Ludendorff had driven the Italians back to the Piave and begun forming the battalions for the great drive of 1918 on the Western front.

And Pershing was asking if he would have the million by May 1, 1918. More than that would have had not less than seven months' training by that time. This made an affirmative answer abstractly easy, if there had not been three thousand miles of ocean for the million to cross. The Navy and the Shipping Board were in a better position to make estimates on this score than our Army staff in France.

The British might have the shipping, but they had Palestine and Mesopotamia to look after and, in the beginning of their great Passchendaele offensive, were far from the mood of December, 1917, when they were under the threat of the German offensive on the Western front. The one thing which logically the War Department must try to avoid was false promises to its commander in the field. He must know what he could rely upon in so far as human prevision could foretell. On July 24th the War Department informed Pershing:

"By using all shipping which is now in sight for the purpose, and which will not all be available until November the (tentative) plan proposes to transport to France by June 15, 1918, twenty-one divisions, comprising about four hundred and twenty thousand men . . . together with auxiliary and replacement troops, line of communication troops, and others amounting to 214,975 men, making a total of 634,975 men."

Even as the arrival of our First Division in France was to bring fresh youth to the land campaign, it was going in our flotillas of regular destroyers to cheer the British sailors weary with more than two and a half years of dogged patrols. Sims had won the British merchant captains away to the convoy system from their sturdy individualism of each looking after himself. Shipping tonnage destroyed by submarines, which had been 875,000 tons in April, was down to 594,000 tons in May, up to 684,000 tons in June, and down again to 549,000 tons in July. It was still exceeding the total the Allies and neutrals were building, while our new shipyards were in the making. There was the prospect, which of all secrets must be most closely guarded against the enemy, that if Pershing had his million men in France in 1918 they might be in a submarine siege without supplies, and subject to the terms of capitulation when Britain was starved out.

A million of France's able-bodied youth were already in soldiers' graves, and all the living under arms. Grandfathers, women and children were tilling the fields

to keep up the crop yield. In addition to the drains on material and labor in the production of munitions, highways must be kept in repair for the march of men and the passage of guns and motor trucks behind the front, and the railroad systems sufficiently patched for their part.

Before he could settle the problem of transport, the fundamental decision for Pershing was where his army was to have its sector in the trench line from which it was to go over the top in that decisive offensive of 1919.

The map itself, plotted with armies in relation to ports and railroads, left us with but one plan if we were to have our own Army and not mix our troops with the British and French. The place for our future action was on the Alsace-Lorraine front if for no other reason than that the way was clear to it from the less congested southern ports across the breadth of France, almost the extreme distance French troop trains had to travel for their mobilization in 1914, which, in spite of France's well prepared schedule, took three weeks.

Our base was the American continent. Our eastern seaport was as far from Bordeaux as Bordeaux from Afghanistan.

American industry, after it had built home cantonments, aviation fields, and munition plants, and gathered supplies from the breadth of our land, must build piers at which the ships we were building could be unloaded; repair tracks and build new railroad yards, sidings, and new lines and aviation fields, storehouses, refrigerating plants, regulating stations, and many other plants.

Making the Panama Canal was comparatively a small project. The enterprise of our westward movement over the Alleghenies must now in the modern terms of organized industry show the pioneer spirit in an equally wonderful achievement in an old land. America was not only to send troops to France, but to make an America within France. Transport was first, as surely as the railway spur was the first step in building a cantonment. Colonel Wilgus, the pioneer who had laid the foundations for this organization, graciously yielded first place to W. W. Atterbury as the chief of the little group of railway men which was becoming an army of itself, and yet only one of the sections of the vast industrial army which must be an adjunct to the one at home, and whose numbers in ratio to combat troops must be very large if the men at the front were to be fed. And for all there must be at least one month's supply ahead against emergencies.

The French, so thrifty by nature, so war-worn, so under the spell of American wealth and power, would hold tight to their own resources; but we must utilize them or any from Spain and Africa to save tonnage. Our foresters were to cut timber from French forests for the piles instead of having them shipped from the forests of America.

We no longer looked across the sea as only spectators of the prolonged military drama in whose cast there were no American soldiers.

The plan in France joined to the plan at home made the plan for the whole. There was one order from the War Department which admitted of no qualification—the Army in France must have what it wanted. It was the arrow. The Secretary and his advisers provided the feathers to guide its flight. Its head was being forged in our training camps, its shaft in our industrial plants and the bowstring behind it was our national will and energy.

WHEN, in sober fact, one-third of the first million men for France were as yet only on paper, and not one of them in camp or uniform, the grave news from France intensified the Secretary's interest in the administration of the draft. It must meet all further demands for man-power from Pershing. It was the keystone of the whole Army structure. Registration had been a public dedication to service at a future time, a magnificent promise to pay which was to be cashed by the actual movement to the National Army cantonments of all in the drawing who had not been exempted, when indifferent compliance would be an unpleasant reflection of national morale which it might further depress.

Who should be exempted and why formed the stalking shadow in the offices of the draft boards and the Provost Marshal. The slightest inclination toward favoritism at the top might make it epidemic through personal influence all the way down the scale from the White House, through the Secretary of War, Congressmen and dollar-a-year men, to mayors, local political bosses and their friends, and the members of the local and district boards.

Even before registration day, Joseph P. Tumulty, the private secretary to the President, was writing his objection to question 12 in a two-and-a-half-page letter to the President, who forwarded it to Baker. Question 12 was "Do you claim exemption?" This had seemed logical and fair to the framers of the questionnaire. It did not mean that the man who claimed exemption would receive it, or that the man who did not claim it might not be exempted by the boards. But Tumulty saw the decision placed on the individual when it should be on the Government. There was the effect of that "yes" on his record if he ever ran for office, which was a natural thought to the political guardian of the President.

Baker replied to the President that the instructions for the guidance of registrants "so far explains this question as to remove to the thoughtful the objections to which Mr. Tumulty referred; but of course many of the people who register will not read the instructions and reflect upon their explanation." It was too late to change the cards, as they were now in the hands of the registrars. Baker was in a position where it was not in order to consider the future electioneering appeals of Republican or Democratic candidates for office; but he telegraphed to

the governors that question 12 was to be disregarded. Any conclusion that his yielding on this point implied that he would yield on others was gravely mistaken.

Exemption by classes was the first problem. It was up before the Draft Act was passed when, in face of disappointingly slow enlistment, he refused a concession to employers and labor leaders who complained that recruiting agents were luring away valuable skilled men at factory doors. Early in April a gathering of the representatives of farm organizations asked Secretary of Agriculture Houston to use his influence to exempt farm labor. The nation must have food; they quoted the old maxim that an army marched on its stomach. Houston replied,

"You are asking this but your sons are not. They don't want the city men to do the fighting for them. If I took your request to General Crowder he would say no, and beyond him the Secretary of War would say no, and then the President. We shall have food enough if you go home, take a hitch in your belts, and work."

Baker was convinced that the effect of the draft at the outset in this respect, when only one out of forty men in any class was drawn, would be less serious than many people supposed. He would have the President withhold plenary authority until it was evident that the draft boards had been unequal to the situation.

Naturally, every employer, in warrantable human ambition, saw his own product as essential to the war. It was the propelling factor in his enthusiastic industry and the source of his satisfaction that he had a real part in war preparations. He foresaw failure to keep a war contract or keep up maximum output in the prospective loss of skilled labor, and unskilled, too, when there was widespread labor shortage.

It had taken a man only a few hours away from his labor to register and to appear again before the local boards. All must answer the call to the camps; all must say "Here!" Then, not Washington, but the district boards, under the scrutiny of their fellow citizens, supported in their authority by the War Department, would make the exemptions. They knew the local employers and the local industrial situation, and had human instead of voluminous typewritten contacts.

A simple problem, in an hour when rapid action was necessary, must not be made complex. No group should say before the call that it had been exempted, leaving another, which thought it was equally important, to complain that it had been discriminated against. As specific examples of favoritism, even more prejudicial to the registrants among themselves than premature class exemption, would be premature individual exemptions. No argument could be so damaging as that just one case did not count.

When individual appeals seemed reasonable. Crowder's busy assistants turned them back to the adjutant generals of the States, who would refer them in turn to the district (Continued on page 58)

John Hancock Series

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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

boards for reconsideration. Mothers, who not only wrote letters but came long distances to see Baker and Crowder, spoke for "my Tom," "my Harold," "my George," as if he were the only boy in the world. "He has never been strong." "His fine abilities should be worthy of some other service." A mother who had known Baker's family wrote as follows to Baker, on paper with mourning borders:

"Thank you for your letter and the advice it bore. My realization of the fact that my son would be called made me feel I ought to help him. You are right. My boy must share alike with all the other young men of the country."

Baker's letter which brought this reply has been lost, and no copy was kept. It was one of those he dashed off by hand at night after his stenographer had gone home.

Set against the pleas of exemption were men whose parents could not hold them back from volunteering or answering the draft. There were parents of the old American stock who wanted their sons in as their ancestors had been in '76, or in '61-65; immigrant parents who would have their sons prove their Americanism in the same manner. Across the bottom of a letter from the President the Secretary had written this telling sentence: "Professor Martin wants his son's physical disability waived." Martin was an old college classmate of the President's; but his appeal could not be granted. The surgeons decided his son was not fit. The records revealed drama and tragedy repeatedly.

Crowder was seeing the seamy side, as the high resort of exemption appeals, in the exception to the mass of youth who were justifying his faith that he could conduct the draft without his name becoming the most odious in America. Indeed, it has already become one of the most honored in the war.

One of his terse comments was that a man who was allowing his wife at the washboard to support his wife and children and maybe himself, was not entitled to exemption. Uniform interpretation of the regulation that married men were not exempt unless wife, family, or relatives were dependent upon their labor would have required human perfection on the part of the 4,500 local boards. Protests were carried to the President that in some cases the boards were holding men whose wives would have to go to work to support themselves and the family. Baker made it clear that this was not the intention. If local boards had made errors they could be rectified by the district boards, which was their part in the administration of the draft. Real dependency should be ground for discharge and nothing else. A wife who was supporting herself was no worse off with her husband in uniform.

Wife-deserters, idlers, and wasters, who were slackers in civil life, were naturally slackers in face of military duty.

The local boards had a sharp eye out for them. None was to escape being brought before the district (exemption) boards. Leniency, in their cases, would have brought very justifiable local criticism.

The rich and powerful, appealing to the White House and other high places for individual exemption, brought a fiercer light on the Secretary of War's desk than on a throne, as he sought to avoid favoritism. In each case decision was turned over to the boards.

Naturally, with a Democratic administration in office, some partisans held that it had a right to protect itself no less than the Government. Many Democratic party leaders sounded warnings from the start against the policy of allowing the governors to name the draft boards as a non-partisanship that the opposing party would make partisan. A Republican governor in a doubtful State could favor Republicans and a Democrat favor Democrats. The draft might be unpopular in States that had unpopular governors. Baker's own attitude was expressed in a letter:

"It is my hope that the exemption boards throughout the country will be found to have been selected for recommendation to me by the governors of the several States upon very high and patriotic grounds, and that the members of these boards will appreciate the dignity and seriousness of the task committed to them, and justify by their action the confidence which the Nation has put in its civilian citizens in the selection and preparation of the new Army."

Complaints were soon coming in that governors and the draft boards themselves were using their position to strengthen their party machines.

"All here opposed to Ferguson's personal and political performances and policies are hopeful the national administration will not let his appointments go unchallenged," came a cry from Texas. . . . "You should lend every effort to check his hydrophobic determination to build up a base political machine at the cost of the best ideals of the commonwealth."

From Edwin F. Harris, chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, on June 11th came a warning that the Republican machine was "already gloating over the power it would acquire through the exemption boards." There were similar letters from both Republican and Democratic partisans about other boards. In reply to the letter from a Democratic member of the board in the New York City case resenting this charge, when the members of the board did not know why they had been named, Baker wrote that this was "most assuring and encouraging coming from a Democratic member of the board!" Gradually it became clear that Baker stood by the boards whatever their political complexion, as composed of high-minded men of whom high-minded things

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were expected. He was gratified by the patriotic manner in which they had "put aside their business and entered wholeheartedly into the arduous task assigned them." He stood by the governors, Republican and Democratic.

The persuasiveness of the "unobtrusive personality" had perhaps been as successful as a strong arm personality in removing another obstacle to national team-play. If he stood by a Democratic governor against his party opponents, so he stood by a Republican governor in the same situation. In that very politically active State of Wisconsin, with its large German population, Senator Paul Hustung, a very loyal man, had been the object of many attacks from the Republican machine and the German element. On July 23d Baker was writing to the President about the exemption boards in Wisconsin:

"I hope I have not misjudged that situation. Senator Hustung (Democrat) has presented this with his usual earnestness to me but, from the very beginning of the operation of the draft law, he has been wrong in his judgment and in his forecasts. He told me at the outset that registration in Wisconsin would be a failure, that Governor E. L. Philipp (Republican) was pro-German in his sympathies and had surrounded himself with pro-German if not disloyal people and would deal so feebly with pro-German manifestations that riotous disorder would certainly take place in Milwaukee. The fact is, however, that no single governor out of the entire forty-eight has co-operated more zealously with General Crowder, and this I judge from the results. The registration in Wisconsin was a model. The arrangements made for it were speedily and effectively made and, throughout the entire State, with its large German population, there was but one case of trouble, and that was between two men who got into an altercation as to which should be the first to register. Upon my personal direction, General Barry was in constant touch with the situation at Milwaukee, and wrote me reassuringly every two or three days, in spite of the fact that Senator Hustung's information was all of contrary character.

"When the local boards were recommended by Governor Philipp, I submitted the list to Senator Hustung. He kept it for some days, sent it to Wisconsin, had it gone over by his associates and, out of a very large number of nominees, he objected to perhaps four or five per cent, the only ground of objection being that they were 'suspected' of pro-German proclivities. I compared the names of these suspects with the lists kept by the Attorney-General's Secret Service Department and found that not a single person indicated by Senator Hustung's advisers was recorded in the Attorney-General's office as associated with suspects. In several of the cases, Senator Hustung's advisers pointed out other difficulties and Governor Philipp at once made other recommendations at our request.

"When the district boards were nominated by the Governor, I again gave the list to Senator (Continued on page 60)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 59)

Husting. He kept it several days and finally came to me to say that he had decided to make no recommendations for changes unless I agreed beforehand to recommend to you for appointment all of the changes made by him. This I did not feel I could do unless I was prepared to show that Governor Philipp had failed at some earlier point in the execution of the law and, of course, I am not prepared to do this. To make an exception of the State of Wisconsin, repudiate its governor and make it the solitary State in the Union whose district boards were named by a United States Senator would occasion comment, criticism and suspicion which I felt we ought not to arouse—certainly in the absence of proof of its necessity. I therefore wrote to the Senator that I could not make the engagement which he required as a prerequisite to a willingness on his part to make any suggestions.

"Senator Husting is, of course, an intense and loyal man. He and Mr. Nieman have been very earnest in their fight for loyalty under difficult conditions. I am persuaded, however, that he has gotten into a frame of mind where he suspects upon less ground than would afford a proper basis for action by those of us who are charged with the responsibility for action which must stand criticism."

Working on Sundays and week days, often far into the night, many of the members often refusing any pay, the local boards had considered the cases of nearly a million men between July 20th and August 25th. Then the weary members might rest as they awaited the test of the call to the camps. Not all of the chosen might start for training on the same day. Railroad accommodations were not equal to the delivery of the twenty-five or thirty thousand men in one grand excursion party to each of the sixteen soldier cities they were to populate. They must go in batches. The cantonments were not completely ready but were more nearly so than they would have been if the first week in September had not been set as the time limit.

That odyssey was the wedding to the colors after the troth had been plighted on registration day. Chambers of Commerce, Rotary clubs, local branches of the States' Councils of National Defense and of welfare societies, the churches and local women's committees, joined with the draftee's friends in felicitations and general attentions that made a future private of the National Army feel as if he were already a general returning from a victory, instead of a candidate for the awkward squad. His mother, sister, or wife found tears out of fashion on this gay occasion. Still deep under the emotion in many minds was the thought that the war would be over before the departing man reached the front, the terrible slaughter could not last.

But beyond all this volunteer service, all this invaluable support of public

opinion in the team-play of national spirit, was the army organization, thinking of that soldier's welfare and comfort in the months, perhaps years, of service to come. Every man must have a ticket to show where he was going, a form which entitled him to food at the government expense when traveling. This referred back to another item of provision in which Baker and Quartermaster General Sharpe had incriminated themselves.

In the middle of March, 1917, Sharpe went to Baker, after the late Congress had not even passed the routine military appropriation, and said that if there were war and we were to raise a million men, there must be all kinds of blank forms ready; requisitions which the individual recruit as well as the division commander must fill out. Baker said, "Go ahead," if Cornelius Ford, the public printer, would join in the conspiracy and take his risk, too, of being a member of the distinguished company of law-breakers. The risk at that time involved the possibility not only of a sudden ending of the war, but that we might not even enter it if it continued. Ford was agreeable, as he was later to the secret printing of the draft forms. While they were about it, in the prevailing mood of being hung for a flock of sheep as well as for a lamb, why not make enough forms for two million men? For this the printing cost would be \$235,000. There were forms enough ready for all needs on the day war was declared, and two million in storage at the end of April.

There must not only be ranges at the cantonments but cooks to preside over them. Here a group of hotel men had seen their opportunity to do their bit. They set their chefs to work on army cuisine. Sharpe took the idea to Baker. Hot meals should be ready for the recruits on their arrival. Of course, Baker said to go ahead. At least 3,600 cooks were required for the cantonments. Sixteen committees of hotel men under a chairman went into action.

The cooks and bakers were on hand when the first contingents began to arrive at the cantonments. So were the big boss, the division commander, and the overseer regular officers, and their juniors fresh from the officers' training camps. So was the camp welfare staff. The theatre was ready to run off motion pictures. Nationally famous entertainers were ready to appear on the stage, coach amateur performances of the men and teach them mass singing. Baseball fields had been laid out and bats, balls, and gloves provided. For the first time in the making of an army we had considered that the soldier had a right to play. He was to be happy out of working hours, no matter how unhappy the drill-sergeant made him in working hours.

The most difficult of the exemption problems was that of the "C. O.'s," the conscientious objectors. To a certain element of public opinion the man who



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refused to fight stood for freedom of conscience in a free country, which nothing should imperil. Another element held that conscientious objection was the synonym of cowardice; that no able-bodied man should escape service; the nation's right to protect itself included the right to impose its will on those who would not join in self-protection; and the section in the draft act exempting certain religious sects was wholly unwarranted. A man who refused to fight was a public enemy, a traitor. He should be set to breaking stones, or shot.

Aside from the religious sects was the objector opposed to killing his fellow man as a matter of ethical principle. To Baker he was entitled to consideration even if he were not a member of a pacifist sect; that is, to such consideration as other conscientious objectors received. So he did not see quite eye to eye with those who regarded religion alone as a reason for exemption from combat service. Liberals were soon finding that he did not see eye to eye with them in their lenient views in the policy which was strictly his own.

Some of the religious objectors signified their willingness to serve in places of danger at the front, risking their own lives, if they were not asked to take life. They had a plan which they submitted to the President for joining the French Reconstruction unit, which was doing a noble work, but not under fire, in the ruined villages of France. Thus they would have the privilege, which was the ambition of every American, to see France and be "over there," a privilege which was so difficult to gain except by going as a soldier or in the welfare service. Baker explained his delay in replying to the President on the subject, as it had taken time to ascertain more about the Friends' Reconstruction Unit. In a letter to the President on August 27, 1917, he said:

"... It does not seem to me that it will be wise now to designate this work of reconstruction as the sort of non-combatant service contemplated for religious objectors, chiefly for the reason that any definition of that sort of work at this time may have the effect of encouraging further 'conscientious' objecting. On this whole subject my belief is that we ought to proceed with the draft and after the conscientious objectors have been gotten into the camps and have made known their inability to proceed with military work, their number will be ascertained and a suitable work evolved for them."

All must go. Then their cases would be settled in the forum of their fellow draftees. On October 1st Baker was writing to the President, after a visit to Camp Meade:

"A large part of my time yesterday was spent with the conscientious objectors. Out of 18,000 men there appeared up to last night twenty-seven such objectors. One of them had watched the recruits playing football and baseball, and after two days of separation from the life of the place, he withdrew his objection and joined his company. The remaining twenty- (Continued on page 62)

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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 61)

six are still segregated, receiving considerate treatment but living apart from the rest of the camp. I will send you a complete classification of them later. Nine of them are Old Amish; two New Amish; three Friends, and then a number of them belong to sects of which I had never heard before; one being 'a Brother of God;' another a member of 'The Assembly of God;' one was a Russian-born Jew who claimed to be an international socialist and who, I think, is simply lazy and obstinate, without the least comprehension of international socialism. For the most part they seem well-disposed, a simple-minded young people who have been imprisoned in a narrow environment and really have no comprehension of the world outside of their own rural and peculiar community. Only two of those with whom I talked seemed quite normal mentally.

"Of course, it is too soon to speculate on the problem because we do not yet know how large the number will turn out to be either at Camp Meade or elsewhere; but if it gets no worse than it is at Camp Meade, I am pretty sure that no harm will come in allowing these people to stay at the camps, separated from the life of the camp but close enough gradually to come to understand. The effect of that I think quite certainly would be that a substantial number of them would withdraw their objections and make fairly good soldiers."

Again democracy was resorting to the inductive educational process of public opinion instead of arbitrary command from the top. There appeared at each camp a member of the Board of Inquiry on Conscientious Objectors (of which Harlan F. Stone, then Dean of the Columbia Law School and later a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was Chairman), to consider each case of a man who still "held out," and to reason with him. If the method of either group of extremists were followed one conscientious objector who was to become famous for his martial exploit would have "dug in" in passive resistance with the independent and self-reliant spirit that he later exemplified in the Argonne.

"That man has the making of a fine soldier, but we can't do anything with him," Judge Mack (one of the three members of the Board) was told by the commander of Camp Gordon. "Maybe you can."

Clear-eyed and rangy lean, this young man bore the stamp of his origin in the Tennessee mountains where scientific doubts had made no inroads on Fundamentalism. His kind had pioneered the wilderness and been with Jackson at New Orleans and on both sides in the Civil War, at Shiloh and Chickamauga. He was too habituated to his mountain isolation, and his religious conviction that it was wrong to kill his fellow man too set, for him to be influenced by the gregarious appeal of others in camp at their drill and games. Usually Mack could spare

only a few minutes with a case, but the fine dignity and sincerity of this young man had a challenge which was to occupy him for half an hour. Without touching on the religious argument, on which this objector had worsted all comers, Mack appealed to his natural fighting instinct.

Did he know how to shoot? Yes, certainly. He had been brought up with a rifle. Did he expect others to till his fields for him? No. In case a robber band began looting property and attacking women in his part of the country, would he leave defense to others? The gleam in the mountaineer's eye suggested that his rifle would not be idle. Having explained why we were at war, Mack then asked if he would leave the others drilling at the camp to do all the fighting for him against the kaiser. This put the matter in a new light. No, he would not, and he was ready now to do his part.

So Alvin C. Yorke took his place in the ranks of the "All America" division, the 82d, in which every State in the Union was represented. A year later he was to have the tribute from Marshal Foch for "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe" and to have the Congressional Medal of Honor for having, single handed, with one Springfield rifle and an automatic revolver, in Daniel Boone craftiness, captured Hill 240, killed twenty Germans and taken one hundred and thirty-two prisoners.

There were other objectors whom no argument would reach under the liberal policy of Baker, which turned severe in sending those who would neither work nor fight to jail. One set of extremists who had hailed his broad views were unable to forgive him his adamant attitude in this respect, and the other began thinking they had put a little iron into him. Our law about conscientious objectors was not so strict as the British but more thoroughly enforced. I have learned of no individual exemptions of men who refused either to work or fight. Individuals who tried to escape the draft by stealth were pursued relentlessly.

In a letter of October 11, 1917, Baker wrote to Judge Westenhaver:

"... You will be interested in a striking set of facts which I learned today. At each cantonment we are undertaking to classify the drafted men, so as to have a real census of their trades, professions and aptitudes. The first question asked is, 'What do you want to do?' A majority of the men, so far, have answered, 'I want to go to France!' The next question is, 'What branch of the service do you prefer?' The largest number have answered, 'Infantry,' next, 'Field Artillery,' etc., showing a very strong desire for the fighting corps, while the non-combatant branches of the Service have few, really very few expressions of preference."

(To be continued)

THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D.C.

AT A special meeting held in Indianapolis on January 25th the National Executive Committee of The American Legion adopted unanimously a resolution approving the proposal for the immediate cash retirement, upon application, of adjusted service certificates. The committee approved the proposal in principle without expressing a choice for any one of the number of measures embodying the principle which were at that time pending in Congress.

During the debate which preceded the passage of the resolution committeemen from many sections said conditions had changed considerably since the Boston convention and sentiment in favor of the immediate payment of adjusted compensation had been strongly evidenced by polls conducted by post and department publications and newspapers.

At the Boston national convention a resolution calling for the payment of certificates at 80 percent of face value was tabled after a debate. Since the convention, in the face of ever-growing demands that the national organization join in the movement for the payment of the certificates which originated in Congress, National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil had interpreted the convention action as preventing the national organization from sponsoring the proposal.

The resolution adopted at the Indianapolis meeting was as follows:

"Whereas, Resolutions submitted to the national convention of The American Legion held at Boston, Massachusetts, favoring the immediate payment in cash of adjusted compensation certificates, were tabled because The American Legion was firmly opposed to initiating such legislation within itself, and because the first and major activity of The American Legion has been and always will be the care of the disabled and his dependents, whose welfare has been and must of necessity remain our first obligation, and

"Whereas, Much legislation looking toward the conversion into cash of the adjusted service certificates has been initiated in the present session of Congress, and activities resulting therefrom, although originating in Congress, have been projected into individual posts and departments of The American Legion to such an extent that the National Commander has found it expedient to call this special meeting of the National Executive Committee for the purpose of expressing the opinion of The American Legion, as requested by certain members of Congress and demanded by the rank and file of the Legion, and

"Whereas, There is little doubt but that the immediate distribution and circulation of funds accruing and payable fifteen years hence from such conversion would at this time materially assist in the relief of present distressful economic conditions, and put new life into Ameri-

can business, and would without any doubt whatsoever bring immediate relief to the hundreds of thousands of veterans and their dependents who are in sore distress and dire need; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the National Executive Committee of The American Legion, that we again declare and reaffirm as our first and major objective, legislation for the further relief of the disabled man and his dependents, and will take definite exception to any interference with, or delay in, the passage of such legislation; and be it further

"Resolved, That the National Executive Committee indorses the principle of immediate cash retirement, upon application, of the adjusted service certificates, without choosing as between any of the specific bills now pending before Congress, it being the opinion of the National Executive Committee that the passage of such legislation would benefit immeasurably, not only the veterans themselves but the citizenship of the entire country, and would be an appropriate demonstration of the gratitude of the nation to those who carried its arms."

The Chairman of the sub-committee which prepared this resolution was J. Monroe Johnson of South Carolina. Others on the sub-committee were O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas, Past National Commander; John Lewis Smith, District of Columbia; J. R. Murphy, Iowa; C. E. McKenzie, Louisiana; Sam W. Reynolds, Nebraska; George W. Malone, Nevada; Raymond Fields, Oklahoma, and B. M. Roszel, Virginia.

IN A short article in the January issue of the Monthly attention was called to the fact that July 3, 1931, is in most cases the final date for filing suits against the Government to obtain total and permanent disability payments under wartime insurance policies. It was indicated erroneously, however, that claimants filing these suits must prove that total and permanent disability was connected with war service.

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, in commenting on the error, calls attention to this definition by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals:

"Total disability within the meaning of the policy is any disability of mind or body which renders it impossible for the disabled person to follow continuously any substantially gainful occupation, and such disability is deemed to be permanent whenever it is founded upon conditions which render it reasonably certain that it will continue throughout the life of the person suffering from it."

Mr. Miller adds the comment: "This definition does not mean that the insured must have had a disability of mind or body which has prevented him from performing any work (Continued on page 64)

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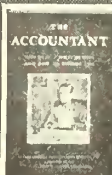
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The Unfinished Battle

(Continued from page 63)

from discharge to the present time. It does mean that there must have been present at a time prior to lapse of insurance a severe degree of disability and that that severe degree of disability has prevented the insured from following continuously any substantially gainful occupation.

"To institute a claim, assuming no insurance premiums have been paid since discharge, the insured should be able to make definite proof of his industrial record from discharge to the present time. To make sure that his claim is properly on file with the Veterans Bureau he should notify the regional office of the Bureau having jurisdiction over his case that he desires to make claim for his insurance. Thereafter the Bureau will furnish him with proper forms and his record will be referred to Washington."

THE Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., wants information in the following cases:

41ST DIV., Co. H, 3d Wyo. INF.—Dewey M. Brooks needs affidavits from ex-1st Sgt. James F. Brown and other men who served with him at Kemmerer, Wyo., June, 1917.

60TH C. A. C. BTRY. C—Former members can assist E. Z. Horton in connection with disability claim.

NAVY—U. S. S. Texas, Arkansas and New Mexico—Former members of crews of these ships who remember Alphi JEANNELLE, coxswain, serving from Apr. 6, 1917, to Nov. 11, 1918.

181ST INF., Co. A, FIFTH DIV.—All men of this company who remember Patrick KING.

KELLY FIELD, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Former members of Section C, Line 90, who remember hip injury to Roy KNOWER in Mar., 1918.

U. S. S. Vicksburg or NAVAL HOSP., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Former shipmates of William C. LYTUS, fireman 2cl. (now deceased), who remember severe case of influenza suffered by him, July, 1918-Jan., 1919. Father needs affidavits in support of insurance claim.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LOGAN, TEX.—Medical officers who remember examining Leo MARTIN of Finance Dept., at heart clinics between Oct., 1917, and Aug., 1918.

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—Former horse-shoer who remembers Robert ROSWELL as fellow patient, suffering from mumps, in hospital at LeMous (LeMans?), France.

U. S. S. Rhode Island and LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY Yd.—Men, particularly member of Gun Crew No. 2 on ship, and guard at Navy Yard who remember injury to William F. L. IVY in Sept. or Oct., 1918. Also doctor at 24th and Grays Ferry Road Hosp. in Philadelphia. Also Mrs. Elizabeth BYRES of Camden, N. J.

116TH ENGR. CAMP, ANGERS, FRANCE—Carl A. SANDERSON requires affidavit regarding service disability, from Fred J. LUEBECKER of 116th Engrs., who knew SANDERSON while latter was convalescing at 116th Engrs. Camp.

21ST F. A. BTRY. E—Former members, including Henry G. ALFORD, William FLOOD, William PAPKE, Jerome JACKSON, J. J. MCGUINNESS, Harry TRIQUERE, Vernon SIMMONS, JABLONSKY and Lt. BOYD, all of Btry. E, and Sgt. REED of Med. Det., can assist George H. SHINN with claim based on injuries in accident at Leon Springs, Tex., Sept., 1917, in spill of several horses while riding out on range guard.

138TH F. A. BTRY. F—Former members, particularly C. O. MILLER, Calvin CUNIFF, Capt. CHESCHEIR, Lt. WELLS, Sgts. VOGT, CLARK and THOMAS, who remember injury to George B. SLOAN in gun park at Camp Shelby, Miss.

25TH BALLOON CO., ROSS FIELD, CALIF.—Statements from Mark C. McALLISTER, John H. SIMMONS and Capt. George D. WATTS, commanding officer, in support of disability claim of Enoch B. NEWBERRY.

141ST INF., Co. C, 36TH DIV.—Affidavits from Sgts. Robert R. SPEEGLE and Ralph TAYLOR, Cpls. Add W. THOMAS and William K. TURNER, Pvts. William L. ROSS and Edmund P. SANBORN and other former members who remember disability to James D. SUTTON.

U. S. TRANSPORT Plattsburg—Statements from A. S. SCOTT, SMART, TUCKER and other shipmates who remember disability to W. C. SYLVEST.

79TH F. A.—Statements from former members remembering severe case of influenza suffered by Sgt. Archie WILLIAMS at Parmell and Camp de Mecum, France, during Sept. and Oct., 1918.

CLASSIFICATION CAMP, A. P. O. 727, FRANCE—Affidavit required from chaplain by name of J. GOUGER (or J. AUGER or J. A. TOUGER or H. J. AUGER) who wrote letter to Mrs. William H. GUYNES of Texas on Sept. 2, 1918, for mental patient, William Henry GUYNES, cpl., Co. M, 161st Inf.

EVAC. HOSP., FT. OGLETHORPE, GA.—Statement from Leon TUCKER, cook in hospital, and other men who remember severe sore throat suffered by Harry W. CONKLIN, cook, during winter of 1917.

313TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Statements from Capt. George William THOMAS (or William George THOMAS) and 1st Lt. Frank APPLE-GATE to support claim of former member of this company.

6TH U. S. ENGRS., Co. D—Statements from Capt. Harris D. JONES, Chaplain W. P. SHERMAN or other men who remember whether Lester WHITE, cook, killed Mar. 28, 1918, made application for War Risk Insurance. Dependents need assistance.

125TH INF., Co. A—Affidavits from 1st Lt. Wm. S. McALLISTER and others of company who recall Thomas McGUIRE having been wounded and gassed in vicinity of Chateau-Thierry in Aug., 1918.

BASE HOSP. No. 89, July to Oct., 1918, and PROV. HOSP. UNIT No. 8, Oct., 1918, to Jan., 1919—Men who knew of Pvt. Icl Wimberly A. HUDSON, Med. Corps, having been shell-shocked or having pneumonia or being hospitalized for other cause during war can be of assistance to his widow who believes his death on Nov. 16, 1930, was due to service causes.

160TH DEPOT BRIG., Co. 25, BN. 7, CAMP CUSTER, MICH.—Men who remember injury to Andru JOHNSON during Nov. or Dec., 1917. KOLLER (or KOHLER), GAEGER and John O. JOHNSON may be of help.

MASON, Stephen M.—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this man who enlisted at Providence, R. I., stationed with NAVAL AIR FORCE, Bay Shore, L. I., later lived in Newport News, Va., and last heard from in West Palm Beach, Fla., Aug. 7, 1925. Salesman in drug store before enlistment.

KELLY, James Emmitt—Ex-pvt. Icl, Co. A, 3d CORPS, F. P. Blue eyes, brown hair, dark complexion, 5 ft. 7½ in., mechanic. Missing from St. Regis Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.

LEIRICH, Emil Francis—Enlisted St. Paul, Minn., served with 5TH CORPS, U. S. MARINES, 2d DIV.; wounded at Chateau-Thierry, June, 1918, receiving fractured hip. Discharged Quantico, Va., May 28, 1919; hospitalized in U. S. Naval Hosp. at Chicago. Missing.

VREESWYK, Paul P.—Ex-pvt., 3d SUPPLY CO.; discharged Nov. 16, 1918. Born Feb. 11, 1880, in Netherlands, 5 ft. 8 in., 154 lbs. Disappeared from Cloquet, Minn., about five years ago.

SMITH, Claude Leon—Disappeared from Seattle, Wash., Mar., 1930. 5 ft. 7 in., 150 lbs., brown eyes and hair.

TURRI, Antonio—Enlisted July 19, 1918; discharged Mar. 24, 1919, pvt., 320TH REMOUNT DEPOT. Re-enlisted Oct. 19, 1920; discharged Aug. 27, 1921, pvt. Icl, Btry. E, 78th F. A. Laborer by occupation. Speaks broken English; incompetent; left U. S. Veterans Hosp., Palo Alto, Calif., without leave, Dec. 28, 1925.

U. S. S. Eurana—Statements from former crew members who served with Joe ROBERTS from Sept., 1918, to Oct., 1919.

THIRD M. G. BN., Co. B, FIRST DIV.—Statement from Lt. COMMINGS (or COLLINS) commanding 3d platoon, remembering J. J. KIRKOVITCH being gassed in St. Mihiel drive, and wounded in Meuse-Argonne drive, Oct. 4, 1918. Also from Sgt. SCNYDER, Cpl. Emmitt C. CLARY and all of squad of No. 11 machine gun remembering gas in Toul, Cantigny and Soissons sectors.

CAMP HOSP. No. 15, Coaquidin (Camp Coetquidan?), France—Statement from Capt. (later Maj.) ARNET, M. C., who operated on G. G. MELTON, sgt., Co. E, 3d Ammun. Trn., for empyemia. Also Capt. E. L. HEISER who commanded Melton's company early part of 1918.

108TH GUARD CO. REPLACEMENT—Statement from medical officer and 1st sgt. with outfit just before sailing for St. Nazaire, France, June 22, 1919, who remember disability of Oliver C. Duke. Doctor marked him quarters and 1st sgt. placed him on baggage details when on hikes, because of disability.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 548, MOTOR SUP. TRN. 428—Statements from Lt. George F. PITTS, Sgt. HICKS, Pvt. WILLSON and other N. C. O's and Pvts. who remember injury to right eye of Clifford O. SHOOK at Camp Joseph E. Johnson, Fla., about Aug. 18, 1918, while he was chipping on motor block.

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